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THE FAITHFUL FEW.

BY REV. A. J. HUGHES.

While some may celebrate in song
The glory of the brave and strong,
Or magnify the brave and strong
Who die on battle-fields,
I'll raise salvation's cry to you
And sing of the faithful few.
Here's to the Lord's own faithful few,
The noblest race on earth!

They hunt life's pathways lone and cold,
And work where none may view,
Like that Samaritan of old,
Beside the well of life and love,
Who aid the tired heart and limb
Who 'neath their crosses fall,
As Simon bore the cross for Him
Who bore the cross for all.

They close the preacher round about,
His falling hands receive,
For what would Jesus be without
His Anointed and his Hues?
To humble tasks they turn, as though
A bright immortal crown
Could be obtained through kneading dough,
Or sweeping cobwebs down.

The sick ones brighten when they call,
A word from them is worth
More than the doctor's skill and all
The medicine on earth.
Their style of dress is far from new,
Their speech a trifle quaint,
But they approach the nearest to
My notions of a saint.

To operate plagues and trials
They never kindly take,
And stand at fairs and festivals
Like martyrs at the stake.
But in some lowly dwelling-place,
Of earthly comfort short,
They minister with matchless grace
As to the manner born.

On Sunday, listening to the Word,
At church they're always seen;
When they agreed to serve the Lord,
His storms were counted in.
At week-night meetings they appear,
God's blessing to invoke;
If Sunday Christians live, 'tis clear
They're not that sort of folk.

To favor the collection plate
They need not speak nor sing,
They act as though they couldn't wait
Until it came along.
And since man's purpose seems to be
For self alone to live,
It does a body good to see
Those blessed people give.

To strangers lingering in the aisle,
Ne'er seen at church before,
They give their pews up with a smile,
And sit back by the door;
Or if one shares their book and sings,
The fact is plainly shown
That out of others' comfort springs
A large share of their own.

Their lives for righteousness declare;
Their memories, when dead,
Are with us still as perfumes rare
From precious incense shed.
We need not fear what wild wind may blow
Of doctrine strange and new,
While God up to His church below
Shall pour the faithful few.

White River Junction, Vt.

BENARES.

BY BISHOP R. S. FOSTER.

The ride from Calcutta to Benares—a distance of between four and five hundred miles, along the valley of the Ganges—takes about eighteen hours. The first hundred and forty miles is in the night, and the country cannot, of course, be seen to advantage. It is said to be somewhat hilly. In the early morning we saw a few hills looking like exaggerated American mounds, but for more than two hundred miles the land as far as the eye could reach was as level as a floor. I have never seen so large an extent of country so absolutely flat and unvarying in surface; no prairie of the West compares with it. The land is of boundless fertility, and though cultivated for thousands of years, it produces three crops in two years at the very least, seems not as a rule to be exhausted or even tired. The cultivation is oriental, and the implements primitive, but to all appearance is as perfect as possible. There is no waste or fallow land. The population is fabulous. The fields are covered with people. Queer native towns, such as have been described already, dot the whole surface of the country at intervals of a mile or two; while districts containing a population of three or four hun-

dreared to the square mile. There are many large towns of from 20,000 to 100,000 inhabitants—as Patna, Burdwan and Pachete. There are the same appearances and facts of poverty and squalor noted in former letters. One is amazed that in a land of such fertility it should be possible to find such signs of human degradation and wretchedness. I am quite certain the average man cannot live in contact with what meets him here momentarily, without becoming hardened and demoralized. He loses his disgust first, then his pity, then his thought that it ought to be otherwise, and finally settles down into a kind of indifference, or more yet content, with the situation. I think he is in danger of forgetting that there is a better and higher type of civilization, or, if he remembers it, he does not think it would be suitable for these peoples. The grotesque mud town, the half-nude humanity, the naked children, the head with a great burden on it, the general badges of ignorance and degradation, are good enough for the poor Hindu; rice and curry, five rupees a month, are all he needs, as the, at first, pitying stranger is in danger of coming to feel as he becomes hardened by the unintermittent squalor which meets him everywhere.

We reached Benares about four o'clock in the evening. Of course the reader understands that this world-renowned city is both the most ancient and most sacred city of India. It is located on the north bank of the Ganges, and is the shrine to which the Hindu pilgrim turns as the Moslem turns to Mecca, and as the Christian turns to Jerusalem or Bethlehem. Hither hundreds of thousands of pilgrims swarm yearly, and while there are special times at which there are more of such than resident population itself, there is no time when there are not many within its sacred precincts. Its resident population reaches about 200,000. It has 1,454 temples and 272 mosques. For more than twenty-five hundred years it has been famous. While many cities and nations have fallen into decay and perished, her sun has never gone down; on the contrary, for long ages past it has shone with almost meridian splendor. Her illustrious name has descended from generation to generation, and has ever been a household word, venerated and beloved by the vast Hindu family. And now after the lapse of so many ages, this magnificent city still maintains most of the freshness and all the beauty of her early youth. For picturesque-ness and grandeur, no sight in the city, world can ever surpass that of Benares as seen from the river Ganges.

McCaulley speaks of her as a city which in wealth, population, dignity and sanctity, was among the foremost of Asia. "It was commonly believed that half a million of human beings were crowded into that labyrinth of lofty alleys, rich with shrines and minarets and balconies and carved oriels, to which the sacred clung by hundreds. The traveler could scarcely make his way through the press of holy mendicants and not less holy walls. The broad and stately flights of steps which descended from the swarming haunts to the bathing-places along the Ganges, were worn every day by the footsteps of an innumerable multitude of worshippers. The schools and temples drew crowds of pious Hindus from every province where the Brahmanical faith was known. Hundreds of devotees come thither every month to die; for it was believed that a peculiarly happy fate awaited the man who should pass from the sacred city into the sacred river." This language which I quote from a local guide gives no adequate idea of this wonderful city. One must traverse its streets, must gaze on its temples and shrines, must be jostled by its crowds, must be amazed by its beauty, offended by its odors, disgusted by its idolatry, shocked by its sacred indecency, pained by its shameless but holy obscenity, puzzled by its mystery, awed by its grandeur and antiquity, bewildered in its labyrinths of bazaars and dens of diabolical worship; must see its aimless humanity drifting about up and down in masses, filling streets and nooks and corners and lanes and doors and windows, before he can form any idea of what is possible to

humanity as congregated in this idolatrous city which, all in all, perhaps has never had a parallel in the history of the world.

Without stopping for rest or refreshment, as we could have but half of the following day for sight-seeing, we proceeded immediately on our arrival to one of the most noted of the objects of interest in one of the extreme suburbs—the celebrated "Durga Kund," or Monkey Temple, as it is vulgarly called. It is an ancient (and one of the most popular) shrine of the many gods worshipped by this idolatrous people. The temple itself is remarkable, but that which gives it its chief interest is its colony of monkeys, which are worshipped as gods. There are said to be literally thousands of them, and I cannot doubt it. We begin to see them sitting lazily on the houses and trees and walls for a half mile before we reach the Temple. As we approach they swarm on trees and housetops, darting and chattering everywhere with sportive and amusing antics. On the walks and about the doors and spaces of the temple itself they throng in droves. They are an ugly variety of an ungainly but interesting class of creatures. The mothers sitting around with their babes on their arms, are disagreeably human. The peculiar conformation of the features of some of the larger ones, is unpleasantly suggestive of relationship to a troublesome variety of the genus homo, whose nationality need not be mentioned. They are fed and cared for by a company of priests who share the temple with them. The most noticeable difference between the two classes, is that the monkeys seem better fed, more independent, intelligent and saucy. I should think there must have been several scores, if not hundreds, of naked men, women and children, in and about the place, who seemed to be on terms of close and appropriate intimacy with their monkey gods. This monkey temple is one of the most ancient institutions of this hoary metropolis of Hinduism. On this spot for the thousand years in which these great peepul and mango trees have been growing, the ancestors to these monkeys of to-day have been fed and worshipped by a lousy assembly of naked Hindus, and a more offensive crowd of dung-besmeared fakirs, ancestors to these filthy creatures that hold out their dirty hands for backshish, and depend on it for a miserable subsistence.

In the morning at peep of day we were summoned to our *Choda Hazara*, preparatory to our fetid explorations. There were ten of us, and we required three *Gahries*, which were promptly at the door at six o'clock. Our first point was the river, to see the morning bathing—a religious rite sure to be celebrated with the sunrise by thousands of resident saints and thronging pilgrims. The drive from the Clark Hotel, which is the best in the city—small, clean, well located, and well kept by a neat and most intelligent Eurasian lady—is about three miles to the Dosasamedh Ghat, one of the several celebrated places of pilgrimage in this centre of Hindu worship. The Temple of the Ghat is reputed to be the spot on which Brahma sacrificed ten horses. This gives it its peculiar sanctity. The morning was cold for Benares—the mercury standing at about 50—and the sun was just rising when we reached the shore. Already there were thousands gathered. For three miles the shore is lined with ghats, broad platforms in masonry and floating rafts and boats, on which the crowds of worshippers squat, and from which they descend into the unsacred-looking water. The thousands in less than an hour swell into tens of thousands. We took a boat, propelled by oars, and pulled slowly up close along the shore, barely not interfering with the bathers, about a mile, and then turning floated down about two miles. The scene can never be obliterated—the buildings, palaces, temples, and domiciles, some rising from the water's edge on foundations of thirty or forty feet to a height of six or seven stories, with rich balconies and elaborate friezes and towers and pinacles; labyrinths of passages and solid stone stairways rising from the river to the streets and even to the tops of the temples; the multitude in

the water and on the shore, some praying, others reading, trading, working, bathing, going through strange genuflections, bobbing up and down in the water, lifting the water in the hand, making spray of it in the sunlight, sitting with bowed head, dashing the water in their faces, spouting it from their mouths, immersing in it—all meaning some kind of worship. Immediately in front of the bathers floated a half-burned human body, which attracted no attention whatever except as it was pushed away into the stream. In the very centre of the bathing grounds is the "Mer Ghat," for the burning of the dead. As we passed up they were placing one body which looked like that of a woman on a pile of wood prepared for the purpose; as we returned, that body was half burned, and a second one was just fired. I did not observe among the hundreds in the immediate neighborhood surrounding and touching it the least attention to the burning, not even so much as to notice it. When we stopped to gaze at it, a few turned their eyes toward the spot, but evinced no feeling of any kind. About the last one that was being fired there seemed to be some kind of a controversy, but I could not tell about what; it seemed to be about the manner in which it was fixed on the wood. A more utter manifestation of brutal insensibility could not be conceived. That men and women could ever come into such a state could not be believed by people reared under a humane civilization. No one seemed to be concerned, in any way, by anything transpiring. The dead body in the water, the burning bodies on the shore, the hundreds of nude and half-nude men, women and children standing in and out of the water—neither the unseemly exposure of the living nor the brutal treatment of the dead, seemed to attract any more notice or awaken any more sentiment than if the tens of thousands of human beings had been the tens of thousands of monkeys at the temple of Durga.

Wearied with the unnatural scenes of the river's shore, we ascended the long flight of more than a hundred steps to the "Madhusa Ka Dookra" mosque, and still another hundred to its top, that we might get the best view of the city. Nothing could be more vain than an attempt at description—a bird's-eye view of Benares cannot be put in words. Despairing of a careful survey of the many interesting localities of the city, we determined on a visit to a few of the most notable objects. We were not able to attempt another long flight of steps, and so did not visit the celebrated observatory erected by Raja Jay Singh about two hundred years ago. Nor could we visit the sacred well "Manikarnika" in the same neighborhood, despite the report of the many wonderful things we were assured it could do for us. Its fetid waters are said to heal all manner of diseases—to wash away all sins, however heinous and abominable. Lacking faith, we had to give it the go-by; even though as a last argument we were assured that the god Vishnu dug this well with his discus and filled it with perspiration from his own body, and gave it the name "Chakrapashkorini" (whatever that means). The guide tells us further that: "He (Vishnu) then proceeded to its north side, and began to practice asceticism. In the meantime the god Mahadeva arrived, and looking into the well beheld in it the beauty of a hundred million suns, with which he was so enraptured that he at once broke out into loud praises of Vishnu, and in his joy declared that whatever gift he might ask of him he would grant. Gratified at the offer, Vishnu replied that his request was that Mahadeva should always reside with him. Mahadeva, hearing this, felt greatly flattered by it, and his body shook with delight. From the violence of the motion, an ear-ring, called 'Manikarnika,' fell from his ear into the well. From this circumstance, Mahadeva gave the well the name of 'Manikarnika.' Among the epithets applied to it are those of 'Muktikshetra' ('seat of liberation') and 'Purnasubhakoram' ('complete source of felicity'). But, after all, we did not go to see

it, and we have only told half that we missed by staying away. It was our misfortune, but we had also to miss many other places which, if we are to believe what we are told, it would be a life-time well spent to see.

We did visit the golden temple (Biseshwar). This temple is the most renowned of the nearly fifteen hundred Hindu shrines. It is dedicated to the god Biseshwar, or Siva, whose image is the conqueror. He is the god regent of Benares. It is surrounded with gilded dome and a tower which has the appearance of a temple. It is really a cluster of temples in which are innumerable idols. They are for the most part male and female emblems, which are always conspicuous in the worship of Siva. The sacred Bull is in this enclosure and within the precincts of one of the temples. The Gyan Bapi, or Gyan Kap ("well of knowledge"), in which as the natives believe the god Shiva resides, is also here. The whole cluster is a vast mass of elaborate temple architecture. The effect of a visit is distressing and debauching. The place is the concentrated essence of obscenity as much as idolatry. That which purports to be the gateway to heaven is, in fact, a wide-open portal to perdition. The whole effect of what is seen, and what is suggested, and what is taught, is debauching and demoralizing. Humanity that dwells under the foul drippings of such a precinct can scarcely escape the foulness and pollution with which the entire atmosphere is saturated.

TIDINGS FROM IRELAND.

BY HIBERNICUS.

All lovers of law and order will rejoice to learn that according to official statistics and the *ex-cathedra* utterances of judges of assize on circuit, crime has been steadily decreasing for some time. The dark cloud of evil, which has long hovered over the country, is passing away, and a further improvement in the moral and social condition of the people may be confidently looked for. Mr. Trevelyan, the Irish chief secretary, publicly stated in a recent speech that he anticipated hopefully the future of Ireland, and believed that if the Government continued year after year and decade after decade to do justice without favor, and to exhibit firmness without rancor, peace and good-will might reign in that as in the other parts of the United Kingdom.

Party spirit, which has long been a grave evil in the land, is just now running very high. As cherished by Protestants, and especially by Orangemen, against their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, it has undoubtedly often operated to hinder the "free course of the Gospel" among them. Quite recently there has been a rather unpleasant development of this feeling on the other side in the town of Wexford, which had previously acquired an unenviable notoriety for anti-Protestant and disloyal sentiment and conduct in connection with the rebellion of 1798 and subsequent events. On the Sunday evening when Major Whittle and his companions, according to arrangement, were about to begin their evangelistic mission in the theatre, the building was seized by a disorderly mob of Romanists, who prevented the holding of the service, assaulted and "boycotted" several persons known to be in sympathy with the work, and broke the windows in several public buildings, including the Methodist church and manse. Next day, however, an extra police force was drafted into the town, and with this special protection it has been found possible to carry out the meetings despite the bitter antagonism of the majority of the populace. It is difficult to say how far the attitude of the Romanists was due to religious fanaticism, and how far it was meant as a retaliation for the action of the Orangemen in successfully hindering the projected Nationalist meetings in Ulster.

In Belfast and Dublin, as well as in several provincial towns, the Luther commemoration passed off with great *éclat*, members of the various Protestant denominations uniting with commendable unanimity. At Belfast no little stir was caused by a meeting held under the auspices of

the Evangelical Alliance, that the doctrine of the divine origin and right of prelate was a hindrance to the progress of the Reformation. His statement was challenged by one Episcopal divine and supported by another. Since then a newspaper correspondence has been carried on, in an excellent spirit on the whole, but the entire case has been left pretty much where it was before the discussion began. Convince a man—especially a minister—against his will; he is of the same opinion still.

The autumn campaign on behalf of the Methodist Home Mission Fund is practically ended, and the "Juvenile Christmas and New Year's" collecting effort in aid of the Foreign Missionary Society just begun. It is amazing that in this way such a large amount can be raised in so small sums. Of the £5,173 remitted by the treasurers from the Hibernian auxiliary to the London Mission house last year, £2,503, or nearly one-half, was realized by the juvenile offerings. As is well known, Ireland itself is regarded as a mission field by the Parent Society, and receives annually £4,500 as a grant in aid.

The erection of elegant and commodious churches is not being neglected by the Methodist Church. At Maryborough, Waterford, Carrickfergus, Larne and Belfast (Greenlin Road) extensive schemes for renewing and improving the trust property are being zealously executed, while at Warrenpoint in County Down the arrangements are almost completed and the greater part of the funds subscribed for the erection of a church in memory of the immortal "father of our missions," Rev. Thomas Coke, LL.D., who preached his last sermon in Ireland in that town before sailing for India.

Rev. Dr. Ker, who has traveled a good deal on lecturing and preaching tours since his return from America, has stated the results of his observations in the *Irish Christian Advocate*. After describing the zeal and activity which now exist outside the Methodist Church, he adds: "In breaking up new ground we have to meet a state of things which formerly had hardly an existence. How far this activity and wide-awake spirit among other denominations is the result of Methodist influence is not for me to argue, further than to say that a good many sensible people are of the opinion that for its influence on other churches in this country, Methodism has been worth all it has cost."

Religion is favorable to longevity. "Length of days is in her right hand." The father of the Irish confederate, the venerable Richard T. Tracy, of Limerick, lately entered on his ninety-third year. He entered the ministry in 1817, and labored long and successfully. Though not now equal to the demands of the "active work," he is still wonderfully vigorous both in body and mind. The last Conference forwarded to him a letter of affection and sympathy. His reply to this was considered so important historically that it was ordered to be preserved among the official records.

Irish Methodists have regarded with a legitimate pride the political and religious career of Sir William McArthur, M. P., K. C. M. G., one of Ireland's most worthy and generous sons, who while standing nobly by the Methodism of the country of his adoption, has always manifested a practical sympathy with that of his native land. He has just crowned his former liberal devisings by contributing £10,000 as the nucleus of another fund for building Methodist chapels in London. His excellent brother, Mr. Alex. McArthur, M. P., has also given £5,000, and Mr. W. A. McArthur £500 toward the same object. Well done, McArthur family!

Ireland, Dec. 11, 1883.

A GOOD SINGER CONVERTED IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

BY REV. D. NASH.

In the Memoir of Mr. William Candler of Colchester, England, written by Rev. Peter McOwan, who was a celebrated preacher in the English Conference, we find the following striking and instructive incidents connected with his conversion:—

Mr. Candler, when in the bloom of youth, was favored with hearing Rev. John Wesley when he made his last visit to Colchester. He had never heard a Methodist preacher, and moved partly by curiosity and partly by a desire to find rest to his soul, he attended the service. The impression made on his mind was deep and salutary. He felt that he was a sinner in heart and life; he saw that he could not save himself, and learning that Jesus was the sinner's friend, he determined to throw himself at His feet, and wait, though it should be till life's close, for His great salvation. The secrets of his heart were made manifest, and he was ready to fall down on his face and worship, confessing of a truth that God was in the midst.

The preaching of the Methodists in Colchester at this time had been given up, mainly the result of opposition on the part of the clergyman of the Church of England. Rev. Mr. S—, of St. Peter's, had adopted the theory that, wherever the Gospel was preached in the church, Methodist preaching ought to be discontinued and the societies given up to the care of the resident clergyman. In conformity with these views he was unwearied, and not very scrupulous, in his endeavors to draw the Colchester Methodists wholly over to the Church and to persuade them and all who were friendly to them, that the preachers ought to leave the town and confine their visits to more desirable places. By these means the society was lessened, and the preachers were so dispirited that they gave up the field to their influential rival. Mr. Wesley, having been informed that gifts, not to say bribes, had been added to persuasions to draw off those who were the fruit of his labors, gave the following rebuke to Mr. S— in the course of his sermon: "I understand there is a sheep-stealer in this town who takes both sheep and lambs from his neighbor's fold at will. Now, I charge that man to desert, or to meet me and answer for his deeds at the bar of God in that day." The reverend gentleman was present, and his subsequent conduct afforded some proof that he was not a forgetful hearer.

Though Mr. Candler resolved, while hearing Mr. Wesley, to cast in his lot with the Methodists, he did not immediately become a member of their society.

By attending the means of grace, his self-knowledge increased daily, the vanity of the world became more palpable to his eye, the disguises under which he had consented to view dancing, with its ensnaring accompaniments, were torn off, and he judged this, his besetting sin, to be exceeding sinful. While he was trembling under the law as a schoolmaster, and judging himself unworthy to breathe the vital air, he was not a little surprised to be addressed one day by one of the members as follows: "Friend Candler, I have spent three nights in prayer for you. You can sing, and we want a singer. You need salvation, and our God can save you. Now, I have been praying that the Lord would convert your soul and then give you to us to help us to shout His praise." The individual who uttered the address was James Johnson, a poor man, but distinguished for piety and strong sense. He had observed and deplored the great evils consequent upon leaving the singing department of our worship to the control of persons who were neither converted to God nor members of Christian society, and as the speediest and most effectual way of curing these evils, he went to him from whom all holy desires and good gifts proceed, and entreated that as he gave converted ministers for the pulpits and leaders for the classes, so he would be pleased to give them a converted man to lead the singing. His success may well encourage imitation. (I submit this consideration to the members of our churches, that more prayer for the singers would result in better choirs.) For a comparatively short time William Candler and Edward, his brother, who, though blind, possessed musical powers of a high order, were both made happy in God, and under their joint management this delightful part of divine worship was conducted for the space of twenty years in a manner at once attractive and edifying.

Reference has been made to Mr. Candler's love of dancing. At the time he was brought to the knowledge of the truth, none of his relatives were religious, and thinking that much religion had made him mad, they strove to moderate his zeal, to prejudice him against his Methodist friends, and to induce him to join with them in vain amusements; but while he appreciated their kindness and was obliging in all the affairs and courtesies of life, he was unmovable in all matters which concerned a good conscience and the law of his God. Soon after he entered into the liberty of the Gospel, his eldest brother returned from America, where he had resided some years, and the different members of the family met to congratulate him on the occasion. To heighten the enjoyment of the evening, one of the company proposed that dancing should be introduced. To this all agreed except our young friend, who stated that he thought they might spend their time more rationally. While the dance proceeded, his soul yearned over those on

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Miscellaneous.

JOTTINGS EN ROUTE FOR TEXAS.

BY REV. D. DORCHESTER, D. D.

"Off for Texas." On this phrase many a strange tale hangs, a third of a century and more ago, when it was the resort of refugees from justice, from debts, and from matrimony. These things gave Texas a bad reputation, and the foundations of civic, social, financial, educational and religious life were laid at a disadvantage. The better population, relatively small in those years, struggled heroically with great problems of social and civil order. Sam Houston, a man of wild adventure and military prowess, but possessed of such elements of sterling character that no prefixes of "Hon." or "Gen." added anything to his true stature, or enhanced the reverence or love of the people for him, was identified with the work of this period. While Senator from the Lone Star State, at Washington, his integrity and moral influence were excelled by few. "Off for Texas" now excites no suspicion nor any misgivings; for Texas is one of our sister States, and by far the biggest of our large family of big sisters, and withal very well behaved. It will be well for us to take off our hats to her and treat her with becoming respect, for she is destined to become no mean competitor for the balance of power in our national Congress. With her immense area, for the most part of the richest lands, four times as large as all New England, enough for an empire, if she retains her unity, she may at some distant day hold a population which, on the present basis, will have a hundred representatives in the lower House at Washington. Once men pulled their hats down over their eyes when they started for Texas; now we doff our hats, for we are conscious that it has already become a land of moral and civil achievements, and we go to study them.

Leaving Sioux Falls, Dakota, on the 43d parallel, our destination is Sherman, on the 33d parallel, but only a dozen miles below the Red River—the northern boundary of Texas—a route of 860 miles by rail. Our way is down the rich valley of the great Missouri, through the State of Missouri, touching Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Kansas City, Nevada, and through the whole of Indian Territory, to Denison.

KANSAS CITY.

Failing in connections, we spend one day, from 5 A. M. to 6 P. M., in Kansas City, a place of larger proportions and of more importance than we had supposed. With over 60,000 inhabitants in 1880, some claim for it now 100,000; but 80,000 is well assured, for it is advancing under a surprising impulse of growth, impressing all who pass through its streets. It is one of the most important railroad centres in the West, and its numerous lines of transit are among the very largest. At some hours in the day, its magnificent depot, with its large side area of tracks, covered with corrugated iron roofs, of graceful architecture, with its long trains of the most stylish cars—coaches, drawing-room, sleeping and dining cars—and its superb hotel dining hall, seems like a railroad paradise. On one beautiful excursion train from Memphis, I counted six first-class palace cars—the Minnequa, Sarmatia, Washington, Columbus, Cecropia and the Circassia. The city is making large expenditures of the most substantial kind in public buildings, sewers, and streets. Everybody here seems confident that Kansas City has a great future, and the sanguine ones talk loudly of its outgrowing St. Louis—a dubious prospect.

COMPANIONS.

Leaving at 6 P. M., I soon found myself on the way to Nevada, Mo., in the company of agreeable and intelligent gentlemen. On the seat beside me, and the first to speak, was Hon. Mr. Phillips, for four terms a member of Congress from Kansas, who moved to that State in the perilous ante-bellum times, as correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, and held important military offices during the war. He is a lawyer of considerable practice in the higher courts, a sagacious man, and a staunch prohibitionist. On the seat with me, I found Mr. H. Clarkson, of Topeka, Kansas, a gentleman of high character and intelligence, a staunch supporter of Methodism, and the special agent for the Boylston Mutual Insurance Co. of Boston, in a district comprising five large Western States, and also for a large English Insurance Co. A few words, casually dropped, opened up a most delightful and edifying conversation of about four hours long with these hitherto strangers, until we reached Nevada, where Mr. Clarkson left, and Mr. Phillips and I changed for a sleeper.

THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

At daybreak we found ourselves at Muskogee, in the Indian Territory, situated on the south bank of the river Arkansas, 464 miles southwest from St. Louis. This Territory is a large tract, in width about equal to the distance from Boston to Albany, and in length averaging as far as from the north line of Vermont to Long Island Sound, with a very level surface, on which many cattle were grazing. Here are broad prairies, skirted with forests chiefly of oak, many of them of large growth. There are some slight hill elevations, with rocks, and some plains of light sandy soil and scarcity of water, but the greater part of the Territory I saw is well watered and quite fertile. It is easy of cultivation and favorable for the construction of railroads, which run on straight lines for immense distances.

At Savannah, one hundred miles north of Denison, are coal mines, producing large quantities of soft coal of very excellent quality. Cotton is easily raised in the southern section, and all the cereals grow abundantly. The Indian population, much of it mixed, both with whites and negroes, numbers about 55,000, and those I saw impressed me more favorably in respect to morals, intelligence and industry than I had expected. The farming is not economically administered, nor are the villages neat and tidy, as in Northern and Eastern communities—a common fault of southern and western States. The government regimen, under which they hold their lands, with no possibility of alienating the fee-simple, seems to be working well for them, though it doubtless hinders the rapid development of the Territory. Not even by marrying an Indian squaw, can a white man obtain a title to the land. It falls to his children, but they cannot trade it off to white men. These things have contributed to the stability of the population and promoted industry—favorable conditions for the Christian missions among them. Nearly all the population are comprised in the Indian missions of the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian denominations, the latter, I think, predominating. The churches are now mostly self-supporting, largely supplied with a native ministry, and conducted in an orderly and respectable manner. Some of the communities are said to be beautiful examples of Christian purity, order and thrift. Prohibition of the liquor traffic is rigidly enforced, only the most guileful ingenuity evading it. The exceptions to this high moral condition are on the outskirts of the Territory, where the Indian shows his old-time fatal predisposition to adopt the evils of the white man's civilization before he tries its virtues.

WELCOME TO TEXAS.

Forty hours of travel, reckoning out the time lost by failure of connections, brought me to Sherman, Texas, where I was warmly welcomed by my only brother, after many long years of separation—so many that I can hardly forgive myself for allowing it. Neither of us could say which was most to blame, nor did we spend any time in trying to decide. He has been here twenty-five years, running the terrible ordeal of the civil war; since then serving as mayor, clerk of the county court, deputy postmaster, postmaster, etc., and raising a delightful family of ten children, but of late years often too feeble for a long journey. I could stay away no longer, came and had a royal visit, was received with warmest cordiality by all classes of citizens, and all religious denominations. My brother and I lived over again our boyhood days and seemed to grow young once more; but wrinkles would not vanish, nor could we call back the sprightliness and vitality of our youth.

The evening of my arrival, I went to hear the celebrated Rev. Dr. A. G. Haygood, of Georgia, preach in the Southern Methodist Church. He had been extensively announced, and a large audience, the elite of the city (a place of 8,000 inhabitants), were present. Dr. Haygood had been taken sick, and did not come. I was pressed into the service, after I reached the church, and responded in a sermon full of the marrow of the Gospel, which was warmly appreciated. My book, "Problem of Religious Progress," had reached here in advance of me, introducing me to many, and I was pressed to address a union meeting, in the large Opera House, on Sunday night, on the progress of Christianity. It surprised me to find an audience crowding the large edifice, so that many were unable to get in, who listened with eager attention for more than an hour and a half to the discussion of the progress of Christ's kingdom. The day was very warm. This was

Nov. 26, when in New England all our churches require hot fires; but I preached in the forenoon, in the Presbyterian Church, with all the windows open, the thermometer ranging among the eighties. A "northern" came at midnight, and Monday morning the weather registered its mark just above the freezing point.

What about Texas? In my next I will tell.

GAMMON THEOLOGICAL HALL.

BY REV. W. F. THIRRIED.

The citizen or traveler casting his eye southward from the thriving city of Atlanta, beholds two stately edifices crowning the summit of one of the loftiest ridges surrounding the city. They are the buildings of Clark University, erected under the auspices of the Freedmen's Aid Society. The one to the left is the new Gammon Theological Hall, which was dedicated to God and to the service of the church on Tuesday, Dec. 18. This is the first theological school of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South, and the dedication of this noble structure, free from debt, renders it a marked occasion and one worthy of some record. It stands as a monument to the devoted, heroic labors of a son of our New England Methodism, Bishop Warren. On his broad shoulders the enterprise, planned by him, has rested, and his many strength has lifted it up till now the topstone has been raised to its place with the shouts of an admiring assemblage, crying, "Grace, grace unto it!"

The institution meets a felt need in the South. The church recognizes this fact, and its ministers welcome it with glad acclaim as they hasten to its halls. How striking the contrast between the above and those days of struggle and opposition through which grand old Dr. Dempster passed in founding the first school of the prophets. Then our church opened to that noble and progressive worker an old frame house; now it generously responds to the call to rear a structure, spacious and enduring, for our ministry in the South. The chief partner of Bishop Warren in this enterprise is Mr. E. H. Gammon, who has given \$8,000 towards the building and \$20,000 to place on a firm basis the only endowed professor's chair in our Southern schools.

The day of dedication was one of our rare December days with an exhilarating air without, and within the university chapel (where the exercises were held) a fresh inspiration was received from the chief speakers of the occasion. The opening exercises were conducted by Revs. J. B. Williams, of Atlanta, and D. W. Hays, of Chattanooga. Bishop Warren then delivered a notable address, marked by broad learning, deep thought, beauty of diction, force and eloquence. He drew a vivid contrast between the Christless education and development revealed in the new buried learning of Egypt, the effete culture of the Greeks and the fallen law and empire of Rome, and that inspired by Christianity. The highest development of any race or nation is impossible without the idea of immortality; and without the feeling of love and accountability to a divine Father, the highest civilization cannot be attained. By taking a place in God's great plan the loftiest achievements can alone be wrought out. These thoughts were then forcibly applied to the work of the institution, which is to train ministers who are to go forth to teach and to live out the great truths of Christianity in the world. Any mere sketch of this address is inadequate to convey its fullness and freshness of thought.

Dr. Rust then followed in a carefully prepared address on "The Christian Minister." He set forth clearly the qualifications of a true minister, dwelling with emphasis upon the necessity of a genuine conversion, the power of a holy life, and the inspiration of an unmistakable call to the high office. He presented a forcible argument and glowing appeal for a thorough education as a prime essential in the work of the successful minister.

At the close of this address, Mr. J. W. Adams, the architect and builder, who has even surpassed the written contract in the excellence of his work, in a few appropriate sentences delivered the keys to President Thayer, who responded in a suggestive and thoughtful speech. The prayer of dedication was then offered by Bishop Warren.

The Dean of the School of Theology then spoke of the object and aims of the school, the character of the work proposed, and the plans inaugurated for thorough and practical results in the training of consecrated, enthusiastic, courageous, soul-saving ministers of the Word. Rev. J. B. Williams followed, representing the Savannah Conference. He assured the faculty of their interest in the school, and pledged their support and co-operation. He referred to the faithful work of Bishop Warren in raising funds to establish an institution so much needed, and of their debt of gratitude for all that has been done for the elevation of the people here. Major J. C. Kimball then offered a feeling tribute to the memory and work of Bishop Gilbert Haven and Dr. E. Q. Fuller, "who walked side by side with Dr. Rust in inaugurating these grand plans, and who are looking down from heaven to-day upon this magnificent scene."

Thus closed the impressive ceremonies of setting apart "Christo ecclesie" this noble theological hall, which we trust, shall for generations send forth well-trained and able ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And now let us take a glance at the new hall. Beautiful for situation it is, as it stands aloft on a knoll, surrounded (on three sides) by a grove of pine and small oak. The building (110 by 82 feet) presents a substantial appearance, with its solid granite foundations, its superstructure of brick, and its ornamentation of sandstone. As we enter

through the broad porches we find the halls spacious, with high ceilings. The woodwork is of old Georgia pine, except the newel posts and balusters of the wide, open stairways, which are of solid walnut. Besides the chapel and four commodious lecture-rooms, there are thirty-two large dormitories, with bath-rooms on each floor. There are also two full suites of family rooms on the first floor, together with a large reception room, library and office. The entire building is well supplied with water. The rooms are comfortably furnished. A foundation for a good theological library is already secured, to which additions are being made. Fourteen students are now enrolled, among them being three presiding elders and one delegate-elect to the next General Conference, all pursuing the regular course of study. This shows the desire of our ministers here for such training as this school offers, and furnishes one of the most forceful arguments for its establishment.

OUR EASTERN COUSINS.

BY CLARK M. BLUNT.

Among the readers of the HERALD the beauties of the lake region of northern Maine are well understood, but the scenery and various resources of Nova Scotia have seldom been chronicled in the columns of the New England M. E. official.

It was my highly-esteemed privilege, not long since, to spend some two months in this maritime province of Canada, during which time I visited twenty different towns and became in some measure familiar with the more striking characteristics of the section, enjoying the trip so much that I seek to take others, at least in imagination, among the same scenes.

From Bangor through Old Town as far as Mattawamkeag, the route is not particularly interesting, while farther on a thermometer for marking degrees of enthusiasm would find no tourist much above zero, and the spirits in most cases would have ebbed wholly from all ken, being "chiefly conspicuous by absence." One passes eastward still—away down, "down east," through a low jungle or a stunted forest so unbroken that one wonders how often the settler's eyes are disturbed by prowling bears or savage Indians, till one remembers that the dead monotony of this barren tract has not even those to lend a charm of adventure to the few who dwell in the lowly lodges of the wilderness. There may be exceptional spots—ones in this desert land—but they must be few, for none were seen from the car till we were nearing Carleton.

A ferry now transports passengers to the opposite side of the river, but a suspension bridge is in prospect, and only a little time will make the two cities all in one to the traveler. From St. John's, N. B., across the Bay of Fundy, and up the "Gut" and river to Annapolis is a steamboat ride of about sixty miles, and a more pleasant excursion could not easily be imagined. The latter part of the trip is specially delightful, for the way leads winding through a narrow belt of water, and the shores of Nova Scotia rise on either hand, shutting out all turbulent waves and lulling the remembrance of quails endured while crossing the Bay, while the attention becomes more and more absorbed by the beauty now first enjoyed.

The outline of the southern coast of this Peninsular Province is very similar to the sea-coast of Maine. Cut and indented with many an inlet and tiny bay, the land casts a rough fringe upon the straggling gray beard of the Atlantic, while it presents a smooth and regularly rounded outline to the waters of the bay rolling upon the northern side.

This very marked contrast is seen by glancing at the map, but is far more noticeable to him who travels from one shore to the other and sees that the general character of the land is quite as diverse as the variation in the trends of the two coast lines; for while the south is a rough and rock-bound shore like that of New England, the northern part of the Province is almost stoneless except upon the mountains. These differences, though seldom mentioned, are of such importance that no one can obtain a correct idea of Nova Scotia without keeping them before his mind's eye.

Sailing up the Gut, the rounded curves of the shore disclose one picture after another, here a village, there a river. The wooded hills of the shore everywhere round in abrupt slopes to the water's edge, and all the way from Digby, the famous watering-place, to the east and west, lie thickly sprinkled the cottages of the fishermen and occasional villages that are built always close to the sea, nestling like sea-birds within reach of the spray, while up in the background rise the regular hills over which a road winds here and there like a ribbon, to disappear among the trees. Moored along the banks, the small fishing-boats of the people lie rocking lazily on the water, while out farther still the wild ducks swim so near our passing steamer that we can see the black and the white feathers shimmer in the sunlight.

At Annapolis we are surprised to find many colored people living; but we are told they are not refugees who followed the beckoning of the North Star to freedom from the cotton-fields of the "Sunny South," but are also the descendants of slaves brought here by the Royalists when in Revolutionary days they evacuated Boston. The descendants of these old Royalists still hold the memory of those who are opposed to the annexation to the United States. It is asserted by many of the Nova Scotians that if the question of annexation were submitted to a vote of the people, a large majority would be in favor of, rather than against, the measure. As if the differences of the northern and the southern coast lines were shadowed forth in the minds of the inhabitants, we could but notice that the north Nova

Scotians are annexationists, while those of the south, and especially those living near Halifax, are very much absorbed in their devotion to the mother country. None of the inhabitants seem satisfied with regard to their confederation with the other provinces of Canada, the general sentiment being that Nova Scotia does not enjoy equal rights with the rest.

From Annapolis eastward the railroad skirts the bank of the Annapolis river. At Bridgetown we learned that it is the custom for people meeting on the street to pass each other upon the left hand side, and over the bridge is a long white board whose black letters read, "Keep to the left and walk your horses, or you will be fined."

To a New Englander it seems very curious to see oxen all wearing bells, even when working, and their yoke is strapped firmly behind the horns instead of being held by the wooden bows elsewhere so common. This provincial method of yoking is condemned by many of those who follow the custom, as the whole burden rests upon the creatures' heads, instead of being thrown on their shoulders. As we went farther east we found the cows wearing bells, while oxen were yoked in the "good old-fashioned way," and simultaneously we found the quality of the butter improving! This singular coincidence may not have been wholly due to the bells and the yokes, however, as it was growing later in the season and May was now blossoming into June.

Many people in the United States have strange ideas of Nova Scotia, and the provincials like to tell of "some people who came from Boston last summer expecting to find a few scattered huts of fishermen and a very rough country." They came first to the green and beautiful Annapolis valley, and were soon ready to confess that there is nothing more easy than to form erroneous opinions of a place that one has never visited. Instead of the bleak, rocky shores which they had pictured to themselves, they entered upon a succession of most pleasing surprises. The country is quite thickly settled, and instead of a barren land driving its inhabitants to look for food in the sea, the whole extent of country from Annapolis to Windsor is sprinkled with smooth fields and carefully-tended orchards all in so high a state of flourishing cultivation, that the entire sweep rejoices to call itself the "Garden of Nova Scotia." Those who dwell here tell us it is a garden that never becomes parched and dry with summer heats, though the Province is to a great extent free from the light, drizzling rains that are so common in some parts of the north temperate zone; and Halifax, with a rainfall of fifty-three inches, has an average of two hundred and four dry days.

Every denizen is exceedingly proud of the apples raised in Nova Scotia, for in competitive exhibitions they have repeatedly been awarded the premium. They are exported in large quantities to England, and the thrifty orchards are everywhere an interesting feature of the landscape. Not a turf of grass is to be seen among the trees, for in Nova Scotia, as in California, every orchard has its soil kept mellow by cultivation of other crops.

In one of the eastern counties of the Province cherries are grown in such profusion that quantities are left ungathered every year upon the trees, though people from neighboring towns drive in to enjoy the luscious fruit. As for ourselves, we did not visit this section, but we were told that one may ride for miles beneath the bending branches of fruit-laden cherry trees. Whether or not all this is true, the tourist may learn for himself. Whoever he may be, let him rest assured that he will find a genuine hospitality awaiting him in Nova Scotia, and if there should be any cherries, he will be sure of a generous share, for a more open-hearted people can nowhere be found. They practice the truest politeness, and are always ready to do all in their power to accommodate a stranger.

In some parts of the Province ladies have a great fancy for promenading the streets with their arms behind them, while gentlemen, instead of wearing their kid gloves, have a great passion for carrying them in one hand with the flourishing walking-stick. As among Canadians, one never hears the possessive case of the first personal pronoun, but it is always "me friends" or "me health." Their manners and customs are English rather than American, and they will be sure to accuse you of being "from the States" if you are caught saying "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," instead of simply yes and no.

Of other phases of Nova Scotian people and things the HERALD readers will hear, if only the waste-basket is crowded full enough to prevent the lodgment of the next article therein.

Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 27, 1883.

VACATION THOUGHTS.

BY MIRIAM F. GUNNINGHAM.

Four years ago, seeking quiet and rest, I built me a little cottage near a small country village on the banks of one of the most beautiful lakes which one can find within the borders of the old Granite State, and there, hid away among the trees, where the squirrels ran over the rocks and found safety among the topmost branches of the lofty pines and hemlocks, I lived up my hammock, and availing myself of its use, read and dozed by turns and really felt happy, thinking that I had now found just what I had long been seeking.

But men and women who belong to God can never hide away from the duty they owe to the perishing souls around them. About one mile from "Pine Cliff," my quiet resting-place, there was an old, weather-beaten meeting-house. This building, with its uneven blinds and famous tower, was ever in my thoughts and before my

eyes. Around this church were clustered a dozen or more dwellings, the little railroad station, the post-office, and, what to me was more interesting than all the rest, the old house and watering trough where years ago, and before the whistle of the engine was heard echoing through these deep ravines, the stage driver was accustomed to rest and water his horses, for I well remember riding over these hills when a child. My father and my oldest sister sang at the dedication of this meeting-house. They have passed away. These and many other fond memories made the little church dear to me.

And so, as I rested, I thought and thought, until my longing soul cried out, "Lord, what can I do for this people?" If, indeed, I had found rest for my body, I had not found peace for my soul. How could I rest quietly when this people were without the Gospel and the instruction of the Sabbath-school? Could I be quiet and careless? Could I hide from my responsibility to God and to these perishing ones about me? "Am I not a child of God, my brother's keeper?" I asked myself, and I could not reply nay, nor could I see this people without the Word. Therefore, trusting in the mighty promises of the good Lord, and knowing that He would be with me and uphold me in this work, I resolved to ascertain what could be done.

This was two years ago. I then said to a good, persevering Christian woman, "Take your paper and pencil, and go to each man and woman within a radius of six miles, and see how much you can get toward repairing the meeting-house." I put down my mite and bade her God-speed. She accomplished her work well, and like the good and faithful servant of the Master, we doubt not her reward will be great.

As soon as spring opened, the repairs were begun, and in June, when I took possession of my lake-side home, the work was nearly finished. Soon after, when Bro. McDonald and his wife came to rest a week with us, I said to him, "You must preach for us on Sunday." Of course he was willing, and so we arranged to hold the service on the widest piazza, for our summer settlement had been enlarged by the erection of other and more elaborate cottages. On Friday evening it was suggested that the service should be held in the church. This involved some work, however, but with such a leader as the Christian sister who raised the money for the repairs, all things were ready in time. On Saturday morning word was sent in all directions that on the morrow services would be held in the old meeting-house at Newbury, and that Bro. McDonald would preach. On that Sunday the doors were opened and one hundred and twenty-five gathered to hear the Word. How strange it seemed—and no wonder, for no sermon had been preached in that pulpit, except at funerals, for over thirty years! As our good brother climbed the narrow stairway into the high, little, old-fashioned box pulpit, I prayed God to bless the Word, and He did.

One year ago this fall, I said to this same Christian woman, "We must have a Sunday-school, and you must be the one to interest the neighbors in the project and gather the children together." She did not shrink from this new task, but humbly, yet full of faith, began her labors. Soon others became interested, and by God's help they were provided with a good man for a superintendent, who began the work like a true soldier of the cross. All last spring this good sister kept me informed as to the progress of the school, and I was eagerly looking forward to the time when I could go to my summer home—for by this time the place had become very dear to me—when God laid His hand upon me, and I was brought almost to the gates of death, and I said to myself, "I shall never go there again."

But God had more work for me to do, and He raised me up from that bed of sickness, so that in the third week of last June I was able to go to my summer home. A few weeks before I left for New Hampshire, I saw by a notice in Zion's Herald that Bro. Smiley's Sunday-school at Worcester wished to dispose of a part of its library, and I thought that it was exactly what our little Sunday-school at Newbury needed; so I asked Bro. Cooper to write to Worcester for me, and when the matter was all arranged I felt very happy.

As the Sundays sped away last summer, the people became more and more interested in the school, so that it slowly gained new members and succeeded in doing a good work. In September, on the last Sabbath before I left, two other schools, each located three miles distant in different directions, met with us as a union school. I can assure you that to me it was a day long to be remembered. In many towns where the dwellings are somewhat scattered, the Sunday-schools are closed during the cold winter months. This fall, as the cold weather approached, the question of closing the little school at Newbury was asked, and answered by the same sister, who said that during the winter her parlor might be used by the school, if the members so decided. So for one or two Sabbaths the school met at this lady's house, but later, a new stove having been procured, the people of the town contributed wood enough to render the church comfortably warm throughout the entire winter, and the sessions of the school were continued in the meeting-house.

As my readers may already have imagined, I have told this story hoping to interest some one in the welfare of this church and people. Now, is there not some one who will go to this lovely New Hampshire town next summer, and during his vacation preach to this people the whole gospel of the Christ who saves to the uttermost. Let us hope that such a one may be found, and

that this movement, so well begun, may not cease, but like the ripples made by the falling of a stone into the calm waters of the neighboring lake, may extend in all directions round about!

Our Book Table.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, issue KADISH-BARNA: Its Importance and Probable Site, with the Story of a Hunt for It, by H. Clay Trumbull, D. D., 8vo, 478 pp. For sale in Boston by Lockwood & Brooks. The determining of this site, the value of which, in corroboration of the history of the Passaic, is fully shown, involved the quite thorough exploration of the route of the Exodus, the account of various expeditions across the desert, and the efforts of other travelers to determine the site of this important tarrying-place of the Hebrew refugees. The author's very interesting personal exploration, his successful identification of the place, its confirmations, and his after studies on the subject, are given in this interesting work. The volume makes a valuable addition to both the illustrative and apologetic literature of the Old Testament. It will be well appreciated by Biblical scholars and laymen, and is such a popular form as to be equally readily apprehended and enjoyed by average students of the Bible.

From the same house we have AMONG THE HOLY HILLS, by Henry M. Field, D. D. The readers of the New York Evangelist, of which Dr. Field has long been the proprietor and conductor, have greatly enjoyed the descriptive letters of his editor during a leisurely and delightful visit in and around Jerusalem and over the chief portions of Palestine. The work records no fresh discoveries, but gives the pleasant personal incidents, and vivid and well-written descriptions of a tourist with every opportunity to see all that was worthy of observation, with large experience in travel, and with unusual felicity in picturing the scenes he describes. Dr. Field visits these holy sites as a believer in the Christian records and in the divine Man whose presence upon the earth has given such a significance to this now barren strip of land. His extended reflections on the scenes which he examines give the special character and interest to this volume of travels. It will be an aid and a constant source of illustration to the Bible teacher.

THE BOYS OF THIRTY-FIVE: A Story of a Seaport Town, by Edward Henry Elwell, Lee & Shepard, 18mo, \$1.25. The scene of the story is Portland, as the city was thirty or forty years ago. Some of the lads who have in this volume such a jolly time are the noted men of to-day. The incidents of a life here given are full of fascination for a lad, and are related with admirable spirit. The times recorded will never come back, and it is well they should not. Just such a true fun can be obtained in less violent and mischievous modes.

THE INNER LIFE, by John G. Adams, D. D., 16mo, 148 pp. Universalist Publishing House. Dr. Adams is a well-known Universalist clergyman, and does not disguise his opinion in reference to the future of the Kingdom of sin, but the great body of this little manual is a series of spiritual meditations upon heart experiences, under the grace of the Holy Spirit, which any Christian will read with pleasure and profit.

THE TWO-FOLD LIFE: Christ's Work for Us and Christ's Work in Us, by A. J. Gordon, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 75 cents. This is an eminently spiritual and helpful work, as are all the published discourses of its faithful and able author. It interprets clearly and impressively, what is too often overlooked, the necessary inward offices of the Spirit following faith in the outward atonement of Christ, and the nature, breadth and results of this progressive and heavenly work. No Christian believer can read it without finding in his heart a fresh cry for "the fullness of God."

POEMS FOR THE FIRESIDE, in Three Parts: Childhood, Youth and Mature Age, by Mary Sparkes Wheeler. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. Boston: For sale by Magee. \$1. Many of these poems are from the pen of the accomplished author, and others are readily in versification and melody in her measures. The remainder is happily selected, and is largely fine translations from foreign authors. It makes a pretty gift-book.

FROM PHILLIPS & HUNT we have, MOTTOES OF METHODISM FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE REV. J. C. WELLS, with a Scripture Text for Every Day in the Year. Arranged by Rev. Jesse T. Whitley. 12mo, \$1.00. The full title describes the book. It is a happy idea, well carried out, presenting a string of spiritual jewels of rare value.

A TEXT-BOOK OF MODERN BOOK-KEEPING AND ACCOUNTS, with Contributions; Compiled for Reckers & Bradford's Commercial School, by John Reckers. Part I. Boston: Reckers & Bradford. This seems to be a simple, natural, well-arranged, practical course of book-keeping, one that can be readily apprehended and carried into practice in all ordinary forms of business.

THE VENTURE, by Angelina A. Fuller, Detroit, Mich.: J. N. Williams. This is a small quarto of 282 pages, containing poems and hymns written by a deaf and dumb lady, affected a portion of her life, also, with blindness. The poems are patriotic, poems of reform, of social life, and religion. They exhibit no little poetic merit. Many of them are touched with real pathos, and all show great facility in versifying and a musical taste, even if the ear does not respond to outward sounds.

STRAY MELODIES AND SONGS OF SENSITIVITY, by John B. Ketchum. New York: American Literary Agency. Small quarto, broad margin. These are all short poems on social and sentimental topics and songs of the civil strife. They are the extemporaneous expressions, in easily flowing verse, of familiar human emotions, and do not sound any great depths of the soul.

The hand-book of Rev. A. E. Dunning on THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY, published by the Congregational Sunday-school Society, is a thoughtful and practical exposition of a very important element in Sunday-school culture. All about the history, objects, selection of books, the uses and distribution of the S. S. library, the active Secretary of the Congregational Sunday-schools writes in this useful volume. It is full of suggestion to the pastors and officers of such schools.

CRYSTAL DROPS, by Fannie Sumner Bradford, Yarmouth, Me.: I. C. Wells. This pretty little book is a gathering of short, well-written stories by its author, which will be enjoyed by young readers.

Rev. C. L. Goodell, D. D., of St. Louis, in a neat little volume published by the Congregational Society, tells how

(Continued on page 7.)

The Sunday School.

FIRST QUARTER. LESSON III.

Sunday, Jan. 20, 1884. James 3: 1-18.

BY REV. S. L. GRACEY.

I. Introductory.

THE POWER OF THE TONGUE.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." (Matt. 12: 37).
2. DATE: Between A. D. 45 and A. D. 50.
3. In the interval between the last lesson and this, James writes to the Jews of the duty (1) of impartiality on the part of the Christian churches in their treatment of rich and poor persons who might come into their assemblies to worship; (2) the relation between faith and works in the economy of grace.

4. If it is remembered that James writes to the Jews of certain evils they were much inclined to fall into, and in this lesson to a prevailing desire among those to whom he wrote to become public teachers without much regard for their qualification for such office, the interpretation of this chapter becomes easy." (Barnes).

5. Caution is given in our lesson against the Judaistic bias to fanciful activity of teaching (verses 1, 2); the power of the tongue (vs. 3, 4); the depravity of the tongue (vs. 5, 6); the untrustworthiness of the tongue (vs. 7, 8); the duplicity of the tongue (vs. 9, 12); the contrast of false and true wisdom in speech according to their opposite operations (vs. 13-18).

II. Expository.

1. The Words That Condemn (verses 1-12).

1. Masters—R. V., "teachers." Frequently used in the New Testament as an instructor, as in our word "school-master." It was common, after the reading of the Scriptures in the synagogues, for any person who chose to do so, to speak in explanation of the part read (1 Cor. 14: 26, 30), and there arose among the Jewish Christians, fanciful and unscriptural teaching. The Jews had "doctors of the law" who were created by the laying on of hands. These masters, doctors, were held in high esteem, and the office was much sought after. "They love to be called of men rabbis," etc. (Matt. 23: 1-12). The same is commended by Paul in 1 Timothy 1: 7: "Desiring to be teachers of the law, understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm." In the previous verse Paul calls it "vain jangling." This is not written to deter any from humbly yet confidently speaking in social meetings, but against pride of opinion which demands submission to our views, and dogmatizing contentions. Greater condemnation—He that claims to be such shall be judged accordingly. Rom. 2: 21: "Thou, therefore, which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal?" etc.

"Knowing that we who are teachers must pass a stern ordeal, a severe judgment, inasmuch as we bear more grave and fearful responsibilities" (Cowles).

Knowing that—They well knew this common law of accountability.

"Half argumentative, inasmuch as ye know; half hortatory, for ye ought to know" (Dean Scott). "They have not only sinned by thrusting themselves into an office to which God never called them, but through their inactivity the flock over whom they have assumed the mastery, perish for lack of knowledge, and their blood will God require at the watchman's hands" (M. Henry).

2. Many things.—We are all liable to err and fall short of the perfection of duty. We all do this and in many things. Offend—stumbleth. (R. V.). "As the general course of life is called a way, and particular actions steps, so going on in a regular course of right action is walking uprightly, and acting amiss tripping or stumbling" (Dr. Barrow).

Offend not in word.—Our words are the index of our spirits. The liability to fall into sin by the misuse of the tongue is very great, but more so where the very business of one's life is public speaking. Perfect man.—All men are liable to errors of judgment and opinion, and of practice, yet it is the privilege, by the grace of God assisting, of every believer to be sincere and without offense to the day of Christ.

"The man who controls his tongue so well as never to trip with an unfit, ill-timed or unkind word, may be set down as a perfect man able to control every other organ of his body. James thinks of the mouth and its speech as the chief outlet for the weakness and follies of vain thought, and for the ebullience of the heart's bad passions" (Cowles).

Whole body.—All the avenues of sense through which temptations come to us. It requires thorough self-government to control the tongue in its speech than any other of our members.

3. A bit—a ship.—James uses two illustrations in lighting up his teaching. First, the bit in the horse's mouth; second, the great ship controlled or directed by the small rudder. Though the bit is a small thing, yet by it we are able to control and direct the horse; and as the great vessel is controlled by the small helm, so we are to learn the power of the tongue in controlling the passions and follies of the soul.

"Govern your tongue; this will help you exceedingly toward governing yourself. Use it as men use bit and curb for the horse, or as the pilot does the helm for his vessel, and you will a mighty power over the human heart" (Cowles).

Govern—steersman. Listeth—wills or wishes.

4. Little member.—"Though small, it is capable of ruling the whole man and of frustrating and helping others" (Clarke). Boasteth—assumes high prerogatives. A true boast. "It is a door of great things" (Faber). "It is all the influence in the world for good or for evil which it claims" (Barnes). Kindliness.—As a very small flame may kindle a great and destructive fire, so the power of the tongue for good or evil is incalculable.

"A small match may kindle a fire that could burn the largest cities or the forests on a thousand hills, so you cannot estimate the consequences of sinning by the tongue. You may publicly prove its falsehood, you may sift every atom, explain, annihilate it, and yet years after you had thought that all had been disposed of forever, the mention of a mere name wakes up associations in the mind of some one who heard the calumny, but never heard or never attended to the refutation" (Robertson).

5. Tongue... a world of iniquity.—"A complete repository of all wickedness, as the world is of all things" (Alford). "World here means a great collection, an abundance. We use the term in the same sense, a world of trouble, a world of anxiety, for great troubles, distressing anxiety; so the Septuagint has the text, 'The faithful has a world of riches, but the unfaithful not a penny'" (A. Clarke).

Defileth.—As fire defiles with its smoke, so the unwholesome defileth the life and is the cause of sinning by the entire man. Settleth on fire.—"It inflames with various lusts, wrath, malice, vainglory, pride, etc. Whereas other vices either do not extend to the whole man, or are abated

with age, the vices of the tongue reach the whole man, and the whole time of his life" (Pool). Set on fire of hell.—The devil is the instigator of the sins of the tongue. When the tongue is fired with hate, malice, etc., it is a stinging instrument of cruelty and outrage. It may be touched with a live coal from off the altar of God and glow with zeal and love in the cause of truth and humanity.

"If vain words, the signs and immediate effects of a vain mind, shall sadly increase our accounts, how much more all the contentious, fierce and revengeful words; the detaching, false, contentious and injurious words; the impure, filthy and contagious words; the profane, blasphemous and impious words that flow from the evil treasure of the heart? Oh, their dreadful number and oppressing weight!" (Barnes).

6. The tongue can no man tame.—All kinds of animals have been subdued and tamed, but the tongue is a wild beast of such savage nature that man, unassisted by Divine grace, cannot bring it under control and subjection. "Man tames the beast, but God tames the man" (Manton).

"There is no sting of a serpent which does so much evil in the world; there is no poison more deadly to the body than the poison of the tongue to the happiness of man. Who can stand before the power of the slanders? What mischief can be done in society that can be compared with what he may do?" (Barnes).

9. Therewith bless.—The tongue is good or evil, as we use it. All members being given us of God, are intended as instruments of righteousness, but may be abused. With the tongue some bless God, praise, thank—witness being meant; others use the tongue vilely, when with it they curse men or use profane language. "This shows the contradictory and ungoverned nature of the tongue, that it curses the children while it blesses the Father." The unbelieving Jews did bless God in their synagogues while they cursed the Christians on the street, and Justin Martyr says they "cursed and anathematized Christians in their synagogues." Proverbs 18: 21: "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." James protests against a claim of righteousness on the part of those who seem to be devout toward God, yet are haters of men. He uses four illustrations to enforce the logic of his argument that no life can bring forth fruit contrary to its own nature.

10. If the mouth emit cursing, thereby making it self a breach spring, it cannot to any purpose also emit the sweet streams of praise and good works; if it appear to do so, all must be hypocritical and mere seeming" (Alford). "Every blessing is, in fact, tainted by the tongue which it uttered cursing, and even 'Praise is not seemly in the mouth of a slanderer'" (Punchard).

2. The Words That Justify (verses 13-18).

13. Wise man.—The reference is to the selection of proper persons as public teachers. They should be men of knowledge and wisdom, capable of restraining their own tongues and have a good life. "Whatever mental gifts a man may claim to have, they are to be used in works, not words; in meekness, not contentiously; with such consistent perseverance as to show a good life. See Gal. 1: 13; Heb. 13: 7" (Dean Scott). Meekness.—This word should appear in the spirit of humility, one of the highest attributes of wisdom. Intelligence and knowledge are the results of education, while wisdom is the gift of God.

"We may learn from this that genuine wisdom is ever accompanied with meekness and gentleness. These proud, overbearing and disdainful men, who pass for great scholars and eminent critics, may have learning, but they have not wisdom" (Clarke).

14. Bitter envying and strife.—R. V., "bitter jealousy and faction." This is the true condition of many Jews to whom James wrote. They had zeal, which had grown to passionate animosity, and was thus transformed into hate and fanaticism; yet many regarded this spirit as enthusiasm for the glory of God (see Rom. 10). Life not.—Their lives gave the lie to their professions. They had yet to learn the first principles of Christ.

15. Earthly, sensual, devilish.—relating only to time and such as men have who are governed only by the sensual and low maxims and principles of this world. It is sensual as in contrast with that which is spiritual, and lastly it is that kind of cunning and craftiness sometimes called wisdom, which the Evil One has.

16. Every evil work.—Where there is envy and strife, religion dies, and the basest passions triumph. "The Jews were the most intolerant of all mankind. It was a maxim with them to kill those who did not conform to their law. This has been the spirit of the Roman Church, and in many places her practice which she had power. Fire and fagot have been in that church legal means of conversion or extinction" (A. Clarke).

17. From above.—Here the true wisdom of the Gospel is put in contrast with that spurious something falsely called wisdom which we have just described. That was dark and dismal; this is bright, lovely, heavenly. Zach, like this author.

Pure—peaceable—chaste, holy, clean. This is the first effect of the religion of Christ in the soul. Strife gives way to peace. "Peace follows purity and depends upon it." Heavenly wisdom makes men peaceable. Gentle—kind, forgiving, considerate and patient. Easy to be entreated—"Not obstinate, stiff and opinionated, but open to conviction and ready to accept the truth when made plain to be such" (A. Clarke). Without partiality—fair and just in all dealings with others without regard to persons. Hypocrite—free from a desire to be considered a great deal better than we really are. Full of mercy and good fruits—forgiving, charitable, generous. Some good fruits of the Gospel mentioned in Gal. 5: 22, 23.

18. Slow in peace.—Righteousness is such a tender seed that it can only be planted in peace; strife never converted anybody. It is sown by men of peace and produces a harvest of peace and joy.

III. Inferential and Suggestive.

1. Men should not rush thoughtlessly into holy offices and responsible positions, through unworthy motives. The fact of the great growth of responsibility as we take upon ourselves the higher offices of the ministry, ought to make every man thoughtful, and will make every thoughtful man tremble.

2. "We are to think more of our own mistakes and offences, we should be less apt to judge other people... Self-justifiers are very commonly self-deceivers" (Henry).

3. Let us learn to be severe in judging others, but charitable in our judgments of ourselves.

4. The wisdom of the Psalmist in Ps. 39: 1: "I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me." "The more quick and lively the tongue is, the more should we take care to govern it" (Henry).

5. How very hard a thing it is to govern the tongue, and the evils and dangers from an unbridled or uncontrolled tongue!

6. Man, lord of the animal creation, but not lord of himself.

7. The power of the tongue, for evil or good, with ourselves—with others.

8. "If a man is able to govern his tongue so effectively as not to utter anything censurable, he is doubtless equally able to govern

and guide his whole body as not to indulge in any vice.

9. There is no permanent peace that is not based on purity.

10. The evil tongue can only be changed by divine power.

11. Heavenly wisdom is the fountain from which flows earthly peace. "All her paths are peace."

12. That which is sown in peace will produce a harvest of joy.

IV. Illustrative.

1. Rabbi Simon said to his servant, "Go and bring me some good food from the market," the servant went, and brought tongues. At another time he said, "Go and buy me some bad food," the servant went, and brought tongues. The rabbi said, "What is the reason that when I ordered thee to bring me good food and again bad food thou didst bring tongues?" The servant answered, "From the tongue both good and evil come to man; if it be good, there is nothing better; if bad, there is nothing worse."

2. Good old George Herbert writes: "Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes error a fault, and truth discourtesy. Why should I feel another man's mistakes more than his sickness or his poverty? In love I should; but anger is not love; nor wisdom neither; therefore gently move."

3. St. Clara of Rimini practiced great austerities, sleeping on a hard board and wearing iron rings around her neck and wrists to punish herself for extravagance in jewelry when young. She once spoke impatiently of some one who annoyed her, and afterwards punished herself by pinching her tongue with a pair of pliers, so that she could not speak for two or three days.

4. That quaint old writer Quarles says: "Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word, unspoken, is like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue."

5. "The bullet that sent death to President Lincoln was a trifling affair, yet it sent mourning into every civilized nation on the globe. A broken rail is insignificant, yet close beside it sits Death in greedy anticipation of a bloody feast. A word, a look, a single neglect, may make a life, mar a fortune, ruin a good name, kindle war, or overthrow an empire."

V. Interrogative.

1. Against what does James warn his readers?
2. What stumbling does it lead to?
3. What dangerous member does this use?
4. What makes it dangerous? v. 8.
5. What inconsistent use men make of it?
6. How does the wise man show his wisdom?
7. Where does the true wisdom come from?
8. The wisdom that is jealous and quarrelsome?
9. What good qualities does the true wisdom have?
10. How is the fruit of righteousness sown?

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Specific Virtues in Dyspepsia.

DR. A. JENKINS, Great Falls, N. H., says: "I can testify to its seemingly almost specific virtues in cases of dyspepsia, nervousness and morbid vigilance or wakefulness."

PURNITURE.—Don't fail to visit Paine's warehouses at Manufactory, 43 Canal Street, the next time you are in Boston.

EXTREME TIRED FEELING.

A lady tells us the first bottle has done her a great deal of good, her head does not distress her now, nor does she suffer from the extreme tired feeling which she did before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. A second bottle effected a cure. No other preparation contains such a concentration of vitalizing, enriching, purifying and invigorating properties as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Five years ago my life was a dread all the time from Heart Disease. Since using Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator the English language would fail me in telling the good I received.—Kate Musgrave, Columbia, Ind. For sale at druggists.

A startling fact. Heart Disease is only inferior in fatality to consumption; and does not suffer from it but use Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. It has cured thousands, why not you? \$1 at druggists.

I feel very grateful for the wonderful cures performed with Ryle's Cream Balm. I have had Cancers in my worst form, for 25 years. Cream Balm is the best thing I ever tried.—J. B. Kelsey, 32 Broad Street, New York City.

A GOOD ARTIFICIAL FOOD, flesh and heat producing, with a proper degree of mineral elements, is found in Mellin's Food. Mothers wishing robust infants should not fail to test this article, which is highly lauded by leading physicians as the best substitute ever offered. All druggists have it.

HOME.—In calling attention to an article advertised in our columns, we are pleased to notice an excellent sign in regard to it, viz: that the testimonials relating to Hood's Sarsaparilla are from New England people, and many from Lowell, the home of this medicine. We are assured that the sale of this article in Lowell, where it is best known, is wholly unprecedented in the annals of proprietary medicines. We leave it to you to decide as to the probable merits of an article with such a solid foundation.

Despite not small things. That slight cold you think so little of may prove the forerunner of a complaint that may land you in the grave. Avoid this by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best known remedy for colds, coughs, catarrhs, bronchitis, incipient consumption, and all other throat and lung diseases.

"In less than two minutes after taking one of Dr. Warren's Wild Cherry and Sarsaparilla Trochies I was relieved of my hoarseness and tickling in my throat. I have had a trouble in my throat for fifteen years and was suffering much when these trochies came to my relief. This box of Dr. Warren's Trochies almost cured my throat trouble, also my wife and son of a bad cold." So says the Rev. John Spiny of Stark, Me.

No matter how long you have been suffering from Rheumatism, there is hope of a cure since the discovery of ANTI-RAHEUMATISM—the champion remedy in Rheumatism. Send a postal note to make a verdict which is unanimous, impartial, strong. As an instance, Alvin G. Yail, Crawford Co., Iowa, writes: "I need for five dollars worth of ANTI-RAHEUMATISM. The bottle I used has helped me very much. Pain all over my body has been cured, and well there might be, for I have been troubled for thirty-five years with rheumatism."

1. A Touching Case. THE LIFE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN SAVED. A young and beautiful married lady residing in this city, was lying at the point of death, with diphtheria, and was not expected to live but a few moments; the husband, father and mother of the suffering lady were by the bedside, as was also the attending physician; so certain were they of the near approach of death, that certain arrangements had already been made to meet the sad event. The father and mother were of Maine people, and had known from childhood of the wonderful curative power of Johnson's Androxy Liniment. At the suggestion of the grief-stricken mother, the father had gone to the nearest drug store before daylight, and obtained a bottle, and when the physician arrived and stated that the loved one could not possibly live but a few moments, the mother timidly told the doctor that she had great faith in Johnson's Androxy Liniment, and asked if she might give her daughter some. The doctor replied, "Certainly, if you wish; it can do no harm."

While this conversation was taking place the young wife was gasping for breath, and it was evident that she could live but a few moments longer. But the mother quickly uncorked the bottle, and gave a teaspoonful clear to her child. The effect was like magic; in an instant the passage to the lungs was enlarged, and she could breathe a little easier; the mother quickly began to rub the throat externally, and in a short time all present saw that the crisis had passed. In a few hours the patient was considered out of danger, and in a few days she was well. The husband of this lady relates these facts with tearful eyes, to Mr. Jennings of the firm of I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street. He said there could be no question whatever but what this Liniment had saved his wife's life.

As persons who will send an address to I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass., may receive free, by mail, information of great value in respect to diphtheria, and all other throat and lung troubles.

An Efficient Remedy

In all cases of Bronchial and Pulmonary Affections is AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. As such it is recognized and prescribed by the medical profession, and in many thousands of families, for the cure of these dangerous maladies. It is a preparation that only requires to be taken in very small quantities, a few drops of it administered in the early stages of a cold or cough will effect a speedy cure, and may, very possibly, save a life. There is no doubt whatever that

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Has preserved the lives of great numbers of persons, by arresting the development of Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and Pulmonary Consumption, and by the cure of these dangerous maladies. It is a preparation that only requires to be taken in very small quantities, a few drops of it administered in the early stages of a cold or cough will effect a speedy cure, and may, very possibly, save a life. There is no doubt whatever that

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Has preserved the lives of great numbers of persons, by arresting the development of Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and Pulmonary Consumption, and by the cure of these dangerous maladies.

nearby all the pews are taken. The social meetings of all sorts indicate a rising tide of spiritual power.

Woburn.—During the year this congregation has greatly increased. Sixty-six have joined on probation, fifty-eight have been received in full, eight have been removed by letter, and two have been removed by death. The finances are in an equally flourishing condition. One hundred and fifty persons remained at the watch night service till midnight. There were four seekers. The Sunday-school numbers 225; the average attendance is thirty-eight more than last year.

Hudson.—Rev. J. R. Cushing is closing his third year pleasantly. He will leave the church free from the debt which has long rested upon it. This is mainly through his influence.

Marblehead.—The church under Rev. G. H. Cheney is making steady progress. The Sunday-school has increased over thirty thus far.

South Walpole.—Over fifty have been received on probation recently. Twelve were at the altar last Sunday.

Beverly.—Rev. J. Capen and family received five presents from the Christmas tree. Mrs. Capen received a valuable clock. Two arose for prayer at the watch-meeting. Meetings are increasing in interest.

Norset.—A good religious interest still continues. A number of new seekers are reported. Christmas was celebrated with a concert and a tree. Each member of the school received an appropriate gift. The pastor, Rev. G. H. Perkins, was the recipient of a gold watch.

Lynn, Common Street.—Forty-two were received on probation in December. Watch night service began at 9 p. m.

Lowell, St. Paul's.—The cantata "Immanuel" formed a prominent part of the Sunday-school Christmas concert.

Worthington.—Dec. 30, one hundred and thirty-four took part in seventy minutes, and several new seekers were at the altar. At the love-feast at watch-night service one hundred and sixty testified.

Granville.—A fine array of Christmas gifts were dispensed from well-laden trees. Two beautiful chain lamps from chandeliers were presented—one by the superintendent to the pastor, and the other by pastor to superintendent; to both a complete surprise from many friends. The cantata "Santa Claus" was sung.

Townsend.—Dr. Dorchester's recent lecture on "The Progress of Christianity" was greatly enjoyed. So was the Christmas tree with its lavish fruits.

West Medway.—Business depression has greatly crippled the church. A few faithful souls hold on with a steadfast faith and hope for better days. The pastor, Rev. W. M. Hubbard, has nearly recovered from the accident of a year ago, and though slightly lame, does full pastoral work.

West Falmouth.—A party of about seventy-five ladies and gentlemen from the Methodist society at Duck Pond, Westbrook, visited their pastor, Rev. A. J. Dearborn, at his residence in West Falmouth, Dec. 20, and presented him with an elegant black walnut easy chair of entirely new design and beautifully upholstered; and the surprise was complete when a new rocker was presented to his good wife, who had rendered efficient service in the Sabbath-school. Rev. Dearborn responded for himself and wife in a happy and edifying manner. He has been serving the society very efficiently as pastor for more than a year, devoting his salary to repairing and refurnishing the church building.

New Bedford District.

North Dighton.—At this place the pastor, Rev. G. H. Bates, is pushing things with his accustomed energy. He has sent out a New Year's greeting to the members of his church and congregation, gratefully acknowledging past mercies and announcing special subjects to be brought before the young during the month. The Sunday-school is prosperous. Seventy new members have joined during the year. The average attendance is one hundred and seventy-nine. The pastor has organized a chorus of forty young men, and they add great interest to the public services of the church. The audiences are large, and several persons have been converted recently. Twenty-two have been received from probation, and the church debt has been reduced to \$1,000. They expect that this will soon disappear.

Fall River.—At the First Church the revival interest is increasing. They have meetings every evening. Rev. Sidney Dean is assisting Bro. Jordan. Everything would seem to indicate a wide-spread work of grace.

At North Main Street, they are busy collecting the money expended in enlarging their church. They have collected thus far \$3,200, and expect to finish it all up before Conference. The Christmas celebrations were very elaborate and took up all the time and all the strength of our very best people. Possibly it is a good preparation for the Week of Prayer.

The New Bedford District Preachers' Meeting, to be held at Middleboro, Feb. 11-13, will commence on Monday at 10:30 a. m. This is a new departure, and the brethren will do well to make a note of it.

MAINE.

North Litchfield.—An invited company gathered, Dec. 12, at the home of Bro. Michael Cheney and wife, the occasion being the marriage of their daughter, Lizzie M., to Mr. E. M. Fessenden, of Cambridgeport, Mass. Three generations were represented. The oldest present was the devout "old man in Israel," Grandmother Cheney, who

will be ninety years of age Mar. 22, 1884. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. W. Canham, after which a fine collation was served. The bridal pair left for their home in Cambridgeport the next morning.

Wilton.—Love for the Gospel as it oozes out crystallizes into beautiful and substantial forms, making many hearts and homes happy; and the pastor here has felt especially favored this Christmas in receiving comfort for body and food for soul in the shape of a splendid easy-chair and magnificent family Bible illustrated by Gustave Doré. Watch-night services were held.

The Methodist and Congregational Sunday-schools at Alfred united in a Christmas tree and social entertainment in the Town Hall on Christmas night. The occasion proved every way enjoyable. Rev. W. F. Holmes was made the recipient of an envelope containing \$31.25. There were, in addition, valuable presents for Mrs. Holmes and the children.

Fifty-nine conversions are reported at Maryland Ridge as the result of the revival still in progress.

Rev. S. T. Record is assisting Rev. E. S. Stackpole in a series of revival meetings at Saccarappa.

Christmas was full of interest with the Methodist church at Mechanic Falls. The exercises were unusually interesting, and all the parts well rendered. The presents were bountiful to the children, and especially to the pastor and wife. Among the gifts to the pastor and wife were a beautiful cake basket and a finely-illustrated book of poems, "Sunlight and Shade." Last Sabbath was devoted to temperance, with addresses by Revs. Church, Hooper, and Col. Eustis. Rev. D. Church is closing a three years' pastorate with this church, and it has been one of the most successful in his pastorate, and also one of the most successful for the society.

Dr. C. F. Allen opened his last quarter for this Conference year at Gardiner last Sabbath, giving the people two excellent sermons, which were enjoyed by the people and pastor.

The Augusta Methodist Church honored itself last Sabbath in making an offering of \$100 and over for the superannuated funds of our Conference. This was more than 100 per cent. in advance of last year. Let other pastors present these claims as faithfully, and the claimants of our Conference would enjoy more sunshine in their declining and enfeebled years. Well done, we all say, for Augusta!

The past year has been a year of marked prosperity with the Methodist church at Gorham, N. H. By shingling, painting inside and outside, and frescoing the walls of the church, it is more beautiful than when new. The frescoing was by Thresher of Lewiston, and is a very fine job. About \$600 have been raised and expended in these repairs. Bro. H. E. Foss is closing his second year's pastorate with this people, and is greatly beloved and esteemed by them.

Brunswick is enjoying prosperity. Four were baptized the first Sabbath in December. The congregations are good and increasing. The expenses are met every month, which is a new experience for the church. The Christmas exercises were interesting. A well-furnished ship, under full sail, took the place of Christmas trees. This ship brought two elegant chairs to the parsonage, costing about \$50, besides many other presents. Dr. Allen, presiding elder, made the presentation speech.

A ship, also, brought the presents to the happy children of Park St. Church, Lewiston, on Christmas night in City Hall. The ship was built and rigged by Bro. Charles Truit, a saved sail. A purse of \$25 dropped off her deck for the esteemed and faithful pastor, Rev. F. C. Rogers.

J. K. Osgood, the father of the reform work in Maine, has been holding a series of temperance meetings in Richmond, the scene of the recent shocking murder, and is planning for an Alliance.

The evangelists, Jones and Allen, who have been doing such excellent revival work in the State canvass under the direction of C. M. Bailey, esq., are laboring at Bath, with the North Street Church.

Revs. R. Sanderson and F. C. Rogers have been preaching at Lisbon since Bro. Bisbee left for the West.

An interesting revival work is going on with the Sixth St. Church, Auburn, Rev. L. Reynolds, pastor.

The several churches in Lewiston unite in meetings during the Week of Prayer.

Auburn.—The new church at Auburn is progressing finely. The building is ready for the painter outside, and the vestry will probably be ready for use some time this month. The church is tasteful in design, convenient in arrangement and finely located. The serious illness of Bro. Sprague, the pastor, is a great disappointment to the society; but the church enterprise is too far advanced to allow a halt, and the brethren are determined to carry it through. The society is thoroughly united and in earnest. The people are putting them under the heavy burden of the church-building with remarkable liberality. This liberality is beyond their ability; they need, and well deserve, aid from other places in this important emergency. For many years the society has been struggling under serious disadvantages in consequence of an inferior house of worship in an out-of-the-way location. The services of able preachers for years past have not been sufficient to overcome these disadvantages. With a strong tendency towards unity, with attractive places of worship, Bro. Sprague's coming, and his pastorate, which has been so long and so successful, has awakened new courage in the people. They entered upon the new departure with great unanimity and on

thiasm. There is a good congregation on the Sabbath, and the social meetings are well attended, lively and interesting. The Auburn society has, now a prosperous outlook; it has a solid and broad foundation. In a few years, with careful management and the blessing of God, the Auburn charge will be one of the most desirable in Maine Conference. Help is needed in the present struggle. Whatever may be given will be wisely bestowed.

S. ALLEN.

P. S. Bro. Sprague writes that he is "slowly but steadily improving."

RHODE ISLAND.

The venerable Ezekiah Anthony, who died Dec. 29, at the advanced age of 96, was a Methodist for a great many years, and a member of the Chestnut Street Church, Providence, when that church edifice was built. At the laying of the corner-stone, when Rev. Mr. Lyon, a local preacher from New York, was preaching, Mr. Anthony held a large umbrella over the head of the preacher to shield him from the rays of the August sun. This was the 6th of August, 1821, more than sixty-two years ago. Being an honest and sagacious business man, he accumulated a large property and gave thousands of dollars to the different Methodist churches both in aiding to build and in paying debts. He was unusually prompt in business transactions, and could not bear tardiness in others. Having been greatly interested in the erection of the Power Street Methodist Church, he prophesied that it would never succeed because ten minutes' delay was allowed in the opening services at the dedication. A full and appreciative notice will doubtless be prepared by his pastor.

Pastor Hambleton, of Trinity, has issued Vol. 1, No. 1, of *Our Paper*, in the interest of that church. The programme of meetings for a month is published, with Dr. J. O. Knowles, of Worcester, to assist.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL IN PROVIDENCE.

A most enjoyable occasion transpired at the Hope Street Methodist Church, Providence, Dec. 31, and throughout the day and evening, Tuesday, Jan. 1. The semi-centennial was duly and joyfully observed by the church. Monday evening there was an address of welcome by the pastor, Rev. T. J. Everett, to all present, especially to the pastors of other denominations, as well as to all Methodists, and to strangers in particular. Presiding Elder Talbot followed with a response warm and cordial with the spirit of fraternity. Rev. J. G. Vose, D. D., pastor of the Benedict Congregational Church, Providence, was introduced by Dr. Talbot, who spoke in the highest terms of the work and earnest spirit of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as did also Rev. H. N. Monroe, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Saviour, Providence. Rev. J. H. Swain, pastor of the Union Baptist Church, Providence, also greeted the Methodists heartily as co-laborers in the great harvest field. Rev. C. L. Goodell was introduced as the "pastor of the old mother church of us all," and delivered an eloquent and stirring address of congratulation and encouragement. This service was followed by the usual watch-night meeting, which was a season of blessing to the company able to tarry.

Tuesday morning the pastor, Rev. T. J. Everett, gave an historical address of the church from Jan. 1, 1834, to Jan. 1, 1884—fifty years. Letters were read from Rev. Abel Stevens, who was pastor of the church in 1837-8, and from Rev. E. B. Bradford, who was pastor in 1846-7. The event of the morning was the address of Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, daughter of Rev. Jonathan Horton, who was the first pastor of the church in 1834. No report would do justice to this address. Its enthusiasm, fervor, power, and tenderness when "father and mother" were referred to, cannot be printed. Amens were evoked in this staid church by the inspiration which attended her utterances, and her presence and words will long be remembered by the Hope Street membership. Mrs. F. carried away as a trophy the old Bible from which her father preached in the Power Street pulpit fifty years ago.

Tuesday afternoon was occupied in reading letters from former pastors who could not be present, and in listening to reminiscences narrated by former pastors who were present. These were Revs. J. Mather, G. M. Hamlen, John Livesey, J. W. Willett, A. J. Church, D. D., A. W. Kingsley, D. A. Jordan and W. V. Morrison, D. D. There was sufficient variety to hold the interest and attention of the audience to the last. Letters were read from Daniel Wise, James D. Butler, John Howson, John Lovejoy, Henry Baylies, John B. Gould, and a telegram from James A. Dean.

In the evening Rev. S. F. Upham, D. D., preached a glorious sermon from John 1: 45-46. The audience-room was tastefully adorned with streamers of bunting and the national flag. Beautiful plants stood attractively on the platform, while around on the walls were hung the names of the pastors during the past half-century. Upon the wall over the platform was a shield with the dates 1834-1884, with the word "welcome" between.

Rev. Dr. Talbot presided over the services in a very happy manner. A bounteous feast for the physical man was provided in the attractive church parlors, which was satisfactorily tested by scores of people. The names of the pastors in their order are: Jonathan Horton, C. K. True, David Patten, Hiram H. White, Asa U. Swinerton, Abel Stevens, Richard Livesey, Daniel Fillmore, Charles S. Macrae, E. W. Stickney, Wm. T. Harlow, A. U. Swinerton (second time), E. B. Bradford, Daniel Wise, H. C. Atwater, James D. Butler, John Howson, John Lovejoy, James Mather, Thomas Ely, Henry Baylies, J. B. Gould, G. M. Hamlen, John Livesey, James A. Dean, C. S. Macrae (second time), J. W. Wil-

lett, A. J. Church, D. D., A. W. Kingsley, D. A. Jordan, W. V. Morrison, and Thomas J. Everett, who is the present pastor. The church edifice is of brick, with spire of fine proportions, is richly finished and furnished, and is free from debt. There seems to be no reason why this church may not enjoy another half-century of increased prosperity. Its members are, according to the testimony of many of the former pastors, far above the average in their benevolence. The present pastor and his companion are thoroughly consecrated to holy, earnest service. With perhaps considerable more enthusiasm in the work, added to its spotless reputation, its rapid growth would be assured.

CONNECTICUT.

Tolland.—Bro. Crafts has continued prosperity, and is encouraged by occasional conversions. Twenty or more have joined in full and on probation since Conference. The Luther anniversary was duly honored by a union service, at which remarks were made by ministers and laymen. Bro. Crafts preached on the subject during the day.

Rockville.—Brother Fernald is still at work, and reports conversions all the time. Repairs to the extent of several hundred dollars have been made during the past quarter. If the good Methodists of Rockville should wake up some morning determined to crush their monster debt, or die in the attempt, they would live and not die. It is the "one thing needful" for Rockville Methodism.

Norwich, Greenville.—Methodism is alive here. A very enthusiastic union temperance meeting was held, Nov. 25, at which the pastor, Rev. F. C. Baker, delivered an address, other ministers also taking part. Sunday, Dec. 2, four united with the church, and more are to follow. Two have recently been baptized.

New London.—Everything goes prosperously here. The meetings are well attended and spiritual, and the congregations good. An interesting feature of the work is a meeting of young people, conducted by Sister Benton. The meetings are well sustained, and quite a number have been converted. Sister B. is remarkably adapted to this work.

North Manchester.—Dec. 23, the Woman's Crusade anniversary was observed. Bro. Martin gave an address on the subject. A "Band of Hope" has lately been organized here, and considerable interest is manifested in the cause.

South Manchester.—A new chimney has recently been built and the church roof shingled. On the evening of Dec. 16, the "Band of Hope" gave a concert at Cheney's Hall, which was well attended and very interesting. The social meetings are well sustained, and the interest increasing.

East Glastonbury.—Bro. Butler is steadily at work, with encouraging results. He expects soon to begin extra meetings, assisted by Rev. Bro. McVey.

The brethren of the district sympathize deeply with Bro. Hawkins and family in their sore affliction. May the "God of all consolation" comfort them in this great trial!

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bro. McNally, who is hard at work upon the new church at West Hampstead, says he sent postal cards to all the brethren of the Conference asking for a collection of five cents per member to help them in their work. Though it was several months ago, he has heard from but one place—Salem Depot. He wishes the brethren to remember that his post-office address is North Salem, N. H., and he is waiting to count out the money brought in by that postal invitation. The new house is expected to be ready for dedication before Conference. The amount necessary to complete it ready for furnishing is about \$475. By means of a festival and church paper, they hope to raise \$200 of this amount. This will insure the speedy completion of the building. Bro. McNally has lots of Nova Scotia pluck, and is determined to push the battle to the wall and conquer by securing a new church for God's service.

Rev. G. W. Buzzell, of Seabrook, has published a paper—the *Chronicle*—devoted, not so much to making money, as to preserving some scraps of history and giving useful information. It contains a lengthy article written by our brother, entitled, "The Missing Link in Modern Methodism, and How it may be Restored." The "missing link" he regards as the "school of evangelism." "This school," he says, "consisted of teachers, pupils and a school-room." The circuit was the living school-room; the spiritual heroes of Methodism were the teachers; the young preachers were the pupils; the Bible, the Hymn-book, Discipline, and standard works on Arminian theology were the text-books; and daily preaching to enthusiastic audiences afforded the most effective and delightful opportunities for the exercise of gifts and grace." It is a very interesting paper, and worthy to be read by every New England Methodist.

The winter term at Tilton has opened with a large attendance. Every seat in the boarding hall is occupied, and they have been compelled to secure places for several in families. Most of the students are Christians. There is one fact worthy of emphasis—there is no tobacco used in the school! Bro. Durrill recently gave his lecture to the students on "A Day in Damascus." It was a grand lecture and gave to all a fine illustration of the manners and customs of the people of the East.

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"Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder."
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Bicarbonate of Soda
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Available carbonic acid gas 13.61 per cent, equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

"Royal Baking Powder."
Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Carbonate of Ammonia
Tartaric Acid
Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.46 per cent, equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent, equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per oz. of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.
New York Jan'y 17th, 1881.

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—Hall's Journal of Health.

Business Notices.

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WHEAT'S SLEEPING REMEDY should always be given to children suffering from colic, or the little sufferer asleep. It produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to the taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, always all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Money Letters from Dec. 20 to Jan. 5.
J. H. Allen, J. E. Allen, J. E. Allen, J. F. Allen, J. T. Adams, W. Avery, O. Anderson, J. Aborn, A. Aborn.

M. Barraud, J. W. Bates, C. B. Bass, J. A. Bowler, W. Briggs, A. Baker, S. J. Bundy, H. Buser, W. H. Burton, J. C. Baker, H. Brown, O. B. Buck, E. Benton, E. C. Bass, W. Bachelier.

G. F. Cobb, J. C. Case, J. A. Corey, M. M. Clough, H. Chamberlain, J. Cobb, P. Chubberson, J. Chambers, C. Case, W. C. Case, M. C. Crocker, G. M. Clark, T. Cundy, G. M. Carpenter.

O. Danforth, J. K. Davis, G. S. Dearborn, E. Clark, W. Donald, B. Dyer, W. E. Dwight, E. Edson.

H. J. Fox, H. E. Foss, W. H. Foss, L. P. French, C. H. Farnsworth, E. S. Fletcher, A. L. Fuller, C. F. Foss, S. J. Goodenough, E. Goodwin, J. E. Grant, G. A. Grant.

H. J. Hollett, F. Howard, T. H. Horton, L. Horton, E. H. Hard, M. P. Hammond, C. Huriburt, E. House, J. Hollingshead, J. C. Harrison.

C. Jennings, C. H. Jones, A. Johnson, M. V. Knox, G. Kimball, J. Lamb, C. H. Lee, N. G. Lippitt, A. Lowell, G. A. Love, M. E. Linder.

D. W. Matthews, E. Martin, T. H. Murphy, G. Moulton, L. H. Metcalf, H. H. Martin, T. G. Martin, A. McGregor, S. M. Mitchell, G. A. Merrill, T. G. McCombs, W. T. Magee.

D. Nutter, D. Nash, T. C. Osgood, D. F. Palmer, F. P. Reynolds, A. B. Russell, J. Roby, R. P. Sanderson, L. Smith, A. J. Sanderson, T. Tryer, F. W. Towle.

N. W. Varney, D. C. Vance, O. C. Wilcox, M. Webster, O. M. Watkins, F. M. Wood, F. E. White, F. Woods, J. Work, S. F. Westerbe, W. H. Weston, J. C. White.

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Marriages.

ROMAN—WELMAN—in Wakefield, Dec. 25, by Rev. Dr. Richards, Jesse L. Roman and Miss Kate F. Welman.

FIELD—At Keene, N. H., Nov. 17, Maggie G. wife of Francis F. Field, and only child of Rev. J. and A. Fawcett, formerly of the N. H. Conference, aged 35 years.

Deaths.

ROYAL—At Keene, N. H., Nov. 17, Maggie G. wife of Francis F. Field, and only child of Rev. J. and A. Fawcett, formerly of the N. H. Conference, aged 35 years.

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J. H. Morrill, Pres't. R. M. Sherman, Sec.

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REV. J. H.

The Family.

WESLEYAN ALUMNI DINNER.
Dec. 19, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: The following is the introduction and conclusion of the poem I should have read at the late dinner of the Wesleyan Alumni Club. I send it to you, that they may know I did not forget them.

M. TRAFFOT.

Fifty years is a stretch of time
To trace in thirty minutes rhyme
The birth, and life, and death of each
Alumnus here—what power can reach?
The devoted way, the rugged road,
The taxing task, the crushing load,
The fruitless quest, the hope deferred,
The embittered past, by memory stirred;
The bold advance, the real recoil,
The fleeting gains of patient toil;
The sweet young loves of long ago,
Buried by many a winter's snow;
The sudden blow, the mute surprise,
The last and look of loving eyes—
Vainly we seek the buried past,
Entombed and sealed forever fast.
We turn from all, in cheerful lays
Recall once more our college days.

There on old Connecticut's banks,
Dear by study, dear by pranks,
Hours we passed in earnest planning
The next night's raid, and slight in scanning.
Ah, the cases where sense was misled,
The thought so bent on the coming test,
Under the elm, on the campus green,
By moonlight soft, in summer's sheen;
The murmuring words, the vows thus spoken,
Carelessly breathed and the rashly broken.
A long, rough way from then to now,
Meeting again with wrinkled brow,
The glint of time on locks so dim,
With hallowed cheek and eyes so dim,
Bringing together our gathered throng,
Ambition's wreath or learning's loam.
Memory opens her portals wide,
Bowers of bliss, or halls of pride;
Enchanting scenes that lie alone,
The paths we trod with sighs or songs;
Charming dingles or shaded dell,
Where bird-voices rang like silver bells,
Mossy banks where wild thyme flowered,
Where lovers met in bliss embowered,
Whispering words we may not tell,
Words which cause young hearts to swell.
Ah me! that what we murmured o'er,
Should leave an echo, and nothing more!
Bright were the visions the future filled,
Inspiring the strains hope wondrously trilled;
Deep were the plans ambition had laid,
Leaving the center our fancies portrayed;
Yet nothing to those—the vision still stays,
So fondly cherished in our college days.
Dear Alma Mater! Hall once more!
To thee thy sons their libations pour,
Thy sons? No more alone that word,
Thy daughter's silver voice is heard;
No points she asks, she takes the prize,
Beams off the honors before our eyes;
On the fifteenth amendment plants her foot,
"Our rights, or secession," so coolly put;
Our mother is young—had of yesterday;
Harvard was old, and Yale was gray,
Ere she was born; yet what a host
Of stalwart sons that mother's breast
"Whence this vast throng?" you well may ask;
The answer is my evening's task.

Alumni, friends, the thread is spun,
The evening wane, my task is done.
Peaceful our parting here we meet;
No pain, no tears, but hopeful yet,
We go to toil, to reap the grain,
From seed that scattered not in vain.
That garden gain which toils beget—
The Master's last approving smile.
In every clime, through every zone,
Shall Wesley's work and sons be known;
When here again your praise swell,
Another band the tale may tell.

REMINISCENCES.

YORK, SPRINGVALE AND ALFRED, ME.

BY REV. M. D. GEORGE.

While in Great Falls, a friend suggested that if some place could be found where I could constantly supply, receiving one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars for the year, then, with my manual labor, I might be able to enter the Conference at the close of it. Soon there appeared to be an opening to such a field. There was a part of the town of York, Me., called Scotland, with a small Methodist society. No preacher had been appointed there, and the presiding elder, unable to supply one, had left the matter with Bro. James Brooks, of York, to obtain a supply if he could find the man. He wrote me, and I went immediately to York, thinking it a providential opening. He said I need not visit Scotland, as they all knew me there by report, and some of the brethren had heard me at York while attending protracted meetings.

But can I get work at my trade here? This was a question of interest in the case. I immediately went to Portsmouth and found a man who would furnish me with ladies' shoes to take to York and make. My prospect now being rather brilliant, a house was rented, and I returned to Great Falls with a light heart, and packed my goods to accommodate the owners of the house, so they might prepare it for the next tenant. The next week I went to York to send the team up for moving, but judge of my disappointment when I learned that the presiding elder had sent a preacher to Scotland without apprising Bro. Brooks of it, and also that the man in Portsmouth, from whom I was to receive work, had failed and closed up his business! What shall be done now? I had turned myself and family out of doors, and had nowhere to go!

Some months before, I had visited Springvale and Sanford, and brethren there had expressed a desire for my residence among them. A new company had just engaged in calico printing, and business looked prosperous. I immediately went to Springvale, was heartily welcomed, and the next week my goods and family were there. This was in September, 1884. There was a class of about twenty members connected with the Alfred church, Alfred being five miles distant. I commenced making shoes, and preaching on the Sabbath to a congregation of forty or fifty in a school-house. Soon the acquaintance of that sweet-spirited Christian minister was made, John W. Atkins, who was preacher in charge at Alfred, and subsequently that of Rev. Henry Butler, zealous and faithful, who succeeded him.

The arrangement was for an exchange with the preacher at Alfred once a

month. The court house was first occupied as a preaching place, but in about three months the church, then building, was finished, the dedication taking place Dec. 18, 1884. The sermon was given by Rev. Green G. Moore. I had a part in the services. Here I became acquainted with one of the best Christian families I ever knew, that of Benjamin F. Herrick, sheriff of York County. His house was ever a home for Methodist ministers. The father, mother, two sons and two daughters, were all gold. Many were the pleasant hours that I spent in that family. On my monthly visits to Alfred for two years I always stopped there, and also on other occasions. Hon. Horatio G. Herrick, of Lawrence, and sheriff of Essex County, Mass., is one of the sons named. Here I first saw a Methodist bishop. The Maine Conference had just closed, and Bishop Emory in returning halted at Mr. Herrick's and by request preached on a week-day afternoon. I received notice, and went to hear him. I had read his "Defense of the Fathers" with much profit, and as is natural in such a case, I felt a strong desire to see and hear the author. My opinion of his sermon at the time was, that he put the most thought into the fewest words of any man I had ever heard; and when ever I have heard a preacher pouring out a cataract of words without saying much, I have always thought of the Bishop's sermon. I had an introduction to him by Mr. Herrick at his house. In conversation he advised me, considering my age and circumstances, to enter the Conference. Under other circumstances he would say, get some qualifications for the work in the schools. He said he had known some excellent sea captains who had learned navigation on board the ship, and he had known some very efficient ministers who entered the work with very limited qualifications, but were studious and grew. His words were encouraging. Mr. Herrick had evidently spoken to him of my case before this conversation.

During the first year of my labors in Springvale, a small church was built. Rev. Jared Perkins, of Dover, and Rev. Eleazer Smith, of Great Falls, dedicated it. At the close of this year, by advice of brethren in the ministry, I was making arrangements to join the Maine Conference which was to meet in August, but the people were desirous that I should remain another year and occupy the new church, promising me one hundred dollars—which was fifty more than they paid the year before. I reluctantly complied and remained. A lawyer in the place was postmaster, and valued the office only for the franking privilege. The rest of the income of the office went to his deputy, who kept a grog-shop, thus obliging all the people to go into the vile den for their mail. This, without distinction of party, the people would not endure. There were many active temperance men in the place, and I had done something in that line, having lectured there and in several other towns around. A committee waited upon me to see if I would accept the office if it could be obtained. I consented, and soon a petition, bearing a large number of signatures, was put into the hands of Mr. B. F. Herrick, who sent it with his approval to Hon. John Fairfield, then senator in Congress, and s on the commission came, over the signature of Amos Kendall, postmaster general.

I now, in addition to being the head of a family, had the responsibility upon me of preacher, shoemaker and postmaster in the village of Springvale! Work enough for one man upon my hands, surely! It was not merely the physical labor, but the mental as well, for I was obliged to devote all the time which could be possibly spared to study for the pulpit. I was also called to aid in protracted meetings in several towns, and among them Shapleigh and Newfield. In Shapleigh an acquaintance was formed with the excellent families of Col. John and William Traffot. The house of the former, being near the church, was always a welcome resting-place for ministers. In Newfield a lawyer, Nathan Clifford, resided and attended the Methodist meetings. After hearing me on one occasion, and giving an expression of pleasure, he inquired of a friend at what college I was educated! This I had not yet graduated from at Shobconch University. It was scarcely conceivable at this time that that obscure lawyer, from an equally obscure village, would become one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. But such was the fact. The doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils," does wonders sometimes.

[To be continued.]

PRAYER.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

There seems to be a great difference of opinion among intelligent and Christian people in reference to prayer. What shall we pray for, and what shall we teach our children to ask God for, are questions constantly being asked. The answers to these questions are not only necessary to the individual, but they have a vital importance when we consider the necessity for being able to account for the faith that is in us—a necessity which was never so great as in this age of doubt and scientific inquiry.

"I never had a prayer answered in my life," an intelligent lady told a ministerial friend not long ago. "I have prayed as sincerely as I know how ever since I was a child at my mother's knee."

"What have you prayed for?" the gentleman asked.
"I have prayed for necessary things always," was the answer. "When I have needed food, or shelter, or money, I have prayed for those things. And we not told that if we ask, we shall receive; that if we knock, the door shall be opened unto us? Once when through

no fault of my own, a writ was served upon me to vacate my home, I prayed fervently to the Lord that He would send me money to pay my rent, and so obviate the necessity of being turned into the street. There was no answer to this prayer. Natural law propelled affairs as usual, and I was served as other people are served who cannot pay their debts. All the praying in the world would not have saved me."

"Did you make no effort to save yourself from this extremity?" the minister inquired.

"There was literally nothing that I could do," was the reply. "I had been cheated out of the money which had been laid aside for this purpose, and as I had been taught to pray, I prayed, but to no purpose."

"And since that time, do you understand that you have not prayed?" the gentleman inquired.

"If prayer would not help me in an extremity of that kind, I could never expect to be benefited by it. You will certainly admit that this was a logical inference?"
"From your premises, yes, but they are wrong. In the first place natural laws can never be set aside. To expect that God would send you the amount you need, without any effort of your own, was a foolish thing to look for. Nowhere were we promised any such results from prayer. Just think a moment. Imagine a kind, loving, and wise human father applied to in some dire emergency. It is impossible to extricate his child from his trouble. There are difficulties in the way which all his love is powerless to set aside. But he can so help and comfort him by the manifestations of love and sympathy, that the hardest trial is mitigated. Then again, no prayer is worth anything that is not pervaded with the spirit of 'not my will, but Thine, be done.'"

"But would you say that it was God's will that I should be robbed and turned into the street?"
"To answer that question I can only say that I have the fullest faith that the results of natural law—under which you yourself believe that you suffered—are remedial, and that natural law will work out the best and highest possible development."

"I don't see how I could have been benefited by being turned out of a happy home."
"You might have been benefited notwithstanding. If such a process should have made you more thoughtful, or sympathetic, or wiser to manage your own affairs, it would have been the best thing that could have happened to you."

"It certainly did make me more careful, and I will not say that it has not enlarged my sympathies. Having suffered myself the excruciating torture of losing my home, I know how to feel for others similarly placed."

"If, then, you are able to make this admission, can you not go farther, and say that it was best that you should have suffered this agony and humiliation?"
The lady smiled: "I can hardly go so far at present," she replied.
"I am sure you will some time," the gentleman answered. "For no trouble seemeth to us pleasant, you know, but grievous and hard to be borne, still they work out the peaceful fruits of righteousness. Now all this is the result of natural law, which is nothing more nor less than divine will, bringing the world up from sin and degradation into the light and peace of knowledge and right doing."

"But I was always told to ask God for what I wanted and needed," the lady remarked. "What, then, shall we pray for?"

"When you can go to God as to your Father, knowing that you cannot be exempted from suffering, but longing for strength and encouragement to bear whatever may be best for you to bear, then you are in the right spirit to receive the help asked for. Thy will, mine never, if it will interfere with my spiritual development. This is the proper state. To pray for financial prosperity, shows plainly that the affairs and vanities of the world are of more importance than the cultivation of the graces of the spirit, and such prayers will always be answered through the evolution of natural law. When we pray in love, and hope, and faith, and yearning tenderness, for strength to bear our discipline, and divine help to help others, we never fail of touching the heart of our Heavenly Father. As straight as an arrow from his bow, it goes where it is sent, for this is spiritual and reaches the spirit. The other is temporal, and small, and narrow, and has no wings, no soul-atmosphere, to buoy it up."

IN PEACE.

Every day there are foes to meet,
And fighting that must be done,
We stand each morn where the battles rage
That have to be lost or won;
But God can give us for weakness, might,
And the trouble cease,
And the heart has peace,
When the cause is that of right.

Every day there are cares that spread
Like mist across the skies,
There are fears that dim the happy song,
And sorrows that dim the eyes;
But the sun is shining the clouds above,
And the heart has peace,
And the heart has peace,
With rest in the Father's love.

Every day there are silent prayers
For some too dear to name,
Who are tossed about on a wintry sea,
Or exposed to a scorching flame;
But we have not a burden that none will share,
For the troubles cease,
When on God is cast the care.

Every day is a fading time,
Some leaf, some flower must go,
Wherever the night-dews fall around,
Wherever the cold winds blow;
Yet winter is but the nurse of spring,
And troubles cease,
And the heart has peace,
And the heart has peace,
And the heart has peace!

And so, whatever the days may be,
We may raise our song of rest,
If God be for us then all is well,
We are tossed about on a wintry sea,
And all beside can be left to Him,
For the troubles cease,
And the heart has peace,
And the heart has peace,
And the heart has peace!

Marianne Farmingham.

THE NEW YEAR'S COMING.

BY ELIA C. G. PAGE.

Who cometh now along time's dusty way
Beneath the last year's branches brown
And bare,

Wrapped in a misty veil of cloudy gray,
Through which her eyes translucent shine
Like sparks of heaven's fire divine?

'Tis the New Year!
And the merry bells are chiming o'er forest,
hill and plain,—

"The Old Year dies at midnight, and the
New Year comes again."

What hearest thou, O Year, to us below?
Is it fair golden gifts, or promise dear
That strewed along life's path shall make
it glow?

With tender tones like sunset's rosy light?
Or dost thou bring us sorrow's midday blight?

Answer, O Year!
As loud the bells are chiming o'er forest,
hill and plain,—

"The Old Year dies at midnight, and the
New Year comes again."

And the New Year made answer to my quest
From lips serenely, gravely fair:
"I bear within my rosy arms close pressed
Full burdens of buds that yet shall bright
unfold."

In blossom-bells of azure and of gold,
Hope's blossoms rare,
And still the bells are chiming o'er forest,
hill and plain,—

"The Old Year dies at midnight, and the
New Year comes again."

"I bear the golden, starry flower of Peace
To set above the nation's angry fray,
To bid all discord and all warring cease,
And brothers joined beneath one banner's
fold."

From day to day,
And sweet the bells are chiming o'er forest,
hill and plain,—

"The Old Year dies forever, and the
New Year comes again."

"I bring to some the signal of release
From all of earth's—its weary round of
care;
The angel message of divestment peace,
The summons that shall open the radiant
door
To glories never thought or dreamed be-
fore,
To them I bear."

And joyous bells are chiming o'er forest,
hill and plain,—

"The Old Year dies forever, and the
New Year comes again."

"And smiling sweet among my gifts I stand
Amid the mortals on this whirling
sphere,
An emblem evermore, a type most grand,
Of that bright goal to which the centuries
flow,
The goal of all man's days and years below,
Heaven's golden year."

And still the bells are chiming o'er forest,
hill and plain,—

"The Old Year dies forever, and the
New Year comes again."

Our Girls.

MELISSA'S NEIGHBOR.

BY JULIA A. TIBBELL.

It was not the first time those girls had heard the story of the Good Samaritan, but somehow it made a new impression that Sabbath, as Miss Lyons applied its lessons. As they went from the class all felt a desire to benefit others.

All? No; Melissa Pearson thought she was more like the wounded, deserted man. Not that she had been robbed, but she was hungry for love—though nobody would have suspected it.

Three of the girls walking homeward together talked the lesson over.
"I've thought of something splendid," exclaimed Carrie Waite. "There's Melissa Pearson right in our class, you know. They say her folks are awful poor. Couldn't we carry them something? There's my last winter's hat, and I know I can pick up a lot of things."

"Yes," chimed in Matty Thomas, "and I'll carry a basket of food. Let's go right away—say to-morrow, after school. What can you take, Laura?"

Laura hesitated and blushed. Finally she said, "I'm not sure that your way would be best. A great many people are sensitive about such matters."

"Oh, well," Carrie's lips curled scornfully, "of course you needn't help if you don't want to. I thought Miss Lyons had made us all feel like helping the poor."

With this parting thrust, Carrie stopped at her own door, unheeding the tears that sprang to Laura's eyes. Meanwhile Melissa was saying to her mother at home—

"No! I never want to go inside that church again! The girls will turn away and pretend not to see me, just because I can't dress as well as they. O mother, you don't know how proud they all are!"

Very unwisely, Mrs. Pearson answered—
"Yes, I do, I know all about 'em. The women are just the same. Nobody cares for poor folks."

It was true that Mrs. Pearson and her daughter had but few friends, but it was not true that people avoided them on account of poverty. They had broadened over real or fancied neglect till they had grown bitter and disagreeable, and really they had more false pride than all the people they called proud. They needed help, but not of the kind Carrie and Matty supposed.

It was not strange that when the girls, each armed with a big basket, appeared next day, Mrs. Pearson treated them coolly.

"No, we don't want your things," she said. "I'm thankful to say I can always get ham-pudding and milk enough for my family, even though bread and butter do sometimes run short. Clothes? No, thank you, I've got old things enough around now. We ain't beggars yet."

And the two girls, confused and discouraged, carried back their heavy baskets, not feeling sure but they were priest and Levite, after all.
Half an hour later Laura Chase stood at Mrs. Pearson's door. The woman

glanced at her suspiciously. She felt no doubt that some fresh insult was intended, though there was no basket in sight.

"Is Melissa at home?" asked Laura timidly.

"No."
"Will she be in soon?"
"I don't know."

There was a silence of more than a minute, in which Mrs. Pearson looked defiantly at Laura, and Laura almost decided to give up her mission.

"Please may I come in and wait?"
"If you want to."

Not a very cordial permission, but Laura entered.
She soon made friends with the toddler of two years, and at last Mrs. Pearson herself seemed to understand that Laura had not come as an enemy, and talked quite freely. She told how hard she had worked since her husband's death to keep the family from separation, how folks had given work, but had withheld sympathy.

"Why," said she, "the last time I went to meeting not a single person shook hands with me, and it's been an age since anybody called."

Laura smiled. It did not seem strange that callers should be few if they were always treated as she had been. But she did not say this. She only replied—

"I'm sure my mother would like to come and see you; and you must have hurried out of meeting before anybody could reach you, for the minister shakes hands with every one."

Just then Melissa came in. Laura greeted her warmly.
"I've come to invite you to my birthday party next Friday. Don't shake your head! You must come. And there's going to be a Sunday-school concert, and I told Miss Lyons you had a beautiful voice, and you're to sing a solo to my accompaniment. Clothes? Your meeting dress is good enough; but if you really want to different, come to my house to-morrow. The dressmaker shall fix the overskirt like mine, and we'll wear ribbons just alike. Won't it be splendid?" and she paused, breathless.

Melissa had never been called demoralized, but now her voice was choked with tears.
"O Laura, can you forgive me? I've thought so wrongly of you, and of all the rest. But you do care for me after all!"

And Mrs. Pearson explained: "We've lived in this place three years, and I've been a member of the church all this time; but you're the first one who has spoken to us like that."

Melissa's "neighbor" had come at last! The girls soon discovered that Melissa possessed a loving heart as well as a fine voice; and the grown people began to wonder why they had never known Mrs. Pearson better. They found her a woman of talent and a great help in all social undertakings. "A real lady, even though she does take in work," as one said.

Mother and daughter had no more occasion to complain of neglect. But while people are wondering how the change came about, Melissa thanks God every day for Laura.

Nothing wonderful about all this, you say? Neither was there anything wonderful in the simple act of giving a cup of cold water to a thirsty disciple, but our Saviour said of the giver, "He shall in no wise lose his reward."

PERPETUAL SUNSHINE.

"And his windows being opened toward Jerusalem" (DAVID 4:19).

The southern windows of my soul are filled with sunshine,
Reflected from above;
And every beam is a messenger of gladness,
To tell me God is love.

Light, greater than poor mortal thought or tongue can picture,
Pours round me like a flood:
I rest within its rays, content to take the blessing,
And know the love of God.

For weary months I kept my southern window down,
And sought with earnest will
To find the promised peace that passeth understanding,
And floweth like a mill.
But all in vain my search—for works were unavailing,
To give a quiet mind;

And conscience-driven, ever stinging and repenting,
I could no respite find.
At last my weary, storm-tossed self I brought to Jesus,
Who for my ransom died;
My life, my name, my talents, all I freely yielded,
To Christ the crucified;

I found my darkened windows open, and the sunshine
Filled every place of gloom;
The Sun of Righteousness, the Light of lights, the Saviour,
Blessed is my room.

The Lord Jehovah is a glory everlasting;
His light will not go down.
Looking to Him, I wait till fullness of fruition
Shall my poor labors crown;
I work within the radiance of my southern windows,
And gaze to you blue dome
From whence my Saviour, at His own appointed season,
Will come to call me home.

—Waldworth.

SINGleness OF PURPOSE.

BY C. E. FOOTE.

In order for one to accomplish anything in matters of this world, it is plain to all who give it thought that there must be a fixed purpose, and that it must be adhered to, without turning to the right or left. Now if we are to serve God, how much greater the necessity of our being established in a purpose—singleness of purpose—that will see "no man save Jesus only." There need be no shipwreck of faith if we are fixed in our purpose. But if, on the other hand, we intend to serve and work for God when it is convenient, then the way is soon hedged up, and in a little while duties are very heavy crosses. We ought never to expect to "be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease," but fix our purpose with this sure promise (of Him who never changes): "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Why not trust Him fully and seek by

a singleness of purpose to follow closely after Him who will "lead us into green pastures?" May God by His blessed Holy Spirit so bring us to see this great necessity of "pressing toward the mark," and as each week goes by find ourselves a little more firmly rooted and grounded in the faith!

"He leadeth me, oh blessed thought!" and yet He never will lead me unless I have a fixed purpose to be led by Him. It is a warfare, this way from earth to heaven, but the victory is assured. Glory be to His name! He has conquered, and with an invincible purpose we can reign with Him. Don't repine, my brother or sister, but double your diligence and make your calling and election sure. "Millions have reached that blest abode, and millions more are on the road." We are not to go to war as our own charge. God's storehouse is full; let us call for the columns and the fifteen-inch rifled guns, and go valiantly forward against the works of darkness with this singleness of purpose—to conquer, though we die, and then to live forever with the saved.

Penacook, N. H.

The Little Folks.

A LITTLE BAG PICKER.

A heap of little bits of calico and linen lay just ahead of Phenie's broom. It was a very cunning new broom, and it swept as clean as new brooms always do. The sitting-room had to be swept a good many times in a day, for Miss Poor, the dress-maker, was there, snipping and making all the litter she could—so Phenie thought. But she liked to sweep it up very well indeed.

"I'd pick those pieces out and save them out for paper-rags," said Aunt Anna, coming in just at that minute.
"There's such a little of 'em," said Phenie. "I don't believe it's a cent's worth. I want to sweep the veranda, too."

So Phenie fidgeted for a minute with her new broom, and when she found Aunt Anna didn't say any more, she left the bits of cotton in a corner of the wide brick hearth, and went out to sweep the veranda floor. And when she went in again the rags were all out of the way.

All through the summer there were a good many bits of cloth and paper to pick up; but Phenie didn't touch them very often. There was always such a little, and she didn't like to say any. But in the fall a tin-peddler drove up to the door in a shiny green cart, lettered with gold; and among other beautiful things he had some little tin pails, painted and lettered too.

"O Auntie!" screamed Phenie in the greatest delight, "can't I have one?"
"Thirty cents, only," said the peddler.
After one look at Aunt Anna's face, Phenie felt, with a dreadful sinking of her heart, that he might as well have said thirty dollars.

"I'll take rags," said the peddler, swinging one of the pails on his finger; "four cents a pound!"
Aunt Anna's eyes began to laugh.
"Have you got any rags, Phenie?" she asked.

"Yes, sir," said Phenie, solemnly.
"If you don't only saved them, Phenie!"
"But there was such a little," said Phenie.

Aunt Anna laughed. Then she brought in from behind the shed door a bag stuffed full of rags.
"Here they are, Phenie," she said.
Phenie opened her eyes, and the peddler began to laugh. In a minute he had weighed the rags. "The pail's yours," he said; "and two cents over. Many a little makes a deal, little girl. Now, I'm coming round again next spring. Can't you save some rags for me?"

"Yes, sir," said Phenie, hugging her pail with her two jingling coppers.
—Temperance Banner.

For Young and Old.

Bits of Fun.

Miss Will was married to Mr. Shall in Allegan County, Mich., recently. There will be lively times in that family ere long.

A gentleman was giving a boy some presents the other day. The mother said, "Now, what are you going to say to the gentleman?" The little fellow looked up and replied, "More!"

Sympathetic Dry-goods Clerk: "What are you crying for, little girl? Have you lost something?" Child (holding up some samples of silk): "No-o-o, sir; but the man at that counter cut some big noches in 'em, sir, that they're no use at all in the quilt!"

A guileless girl wrote to her lover thus: "Don't come to see me any more just yet, John, for father has been having his boots half-soled, and two rows of nails around the toes."

A friend, visiting in a minister's family where the parents were very strict in regard to the children's Sabbath deportment, was confidentially informed by the little girl that she would like to be a minister. "Why?" inquired

(Continued from page 5.)

TO BUILD A CHURCH—not the outward edifice, but the spiritual one, which is the church of Christ, the corner-stone. It is a stirring series of short essays, which the pastor will read with profit and find inspiration from it.

THE EXODUS AND OTHER POEMS, by Rev. T. C. Reade. Walden & Grove, Cincinnati. For sale by J. P. Magee, Boston. 16mo, 75 cents. The longer poem, in very smooth stanzas, some of them striking in their poetic power, describes the closing earthly hours of the faithful Christian of mature years. The hymns and poems are musical and spiritual. The chief poem will beguile and improve an hour of meditation, and awaken bold and calming sentiments.

JAMES, McCullough & Co., Chicago, issue CONVOY'S SCHOOL SPEAKER. Compiled by Robert McLean Cunnock, A. M., of the Northwestern University, 12mo, \$1.00. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard. This selection is well adapted for its object. The excerpts of poems are short, very spirited, largely from modern writers, and varied in character from humorous to grave. The book will be prized by amateur readers and lecturers, as well as by rhetorical classes.

From the same house we have TIMES OF CHARLES XII, by Z. Topelius. 12mo, \$1.25. This volume forms one of the series of "The Surgeon's Stories," and is translated from the Swedish. It is a very simple family tale, the stirring incidents of the life and battles of the great Swedish hero are told in a peculiarly lively and picturesque manner. The volume will interest equally young and mature readers.

Cupples, Upham & Co. issue a very neat edition of the POEMS OF MILTON. 12mo, \$1.50. The political life of the author for some years overshadowed his literary reputation. Many years ago his graceful contributions in verse were very familiar to the readers of the "Commonwealth." This volume is an edition of his collected fugitives and more stately poems will show that a true poetic fervor at times inspired the lines that flowed from the pen of Mr. Milton. The present volume will be heartily welcomed by many old friends, and will preserve among the names of our recognized New England singers that of its accomplished author.

The American Sunday-school Union publish an excellent volume from the pen of Dr. John Hall, of New York. It is entitled, A CHURCHMAN'S HOME; or, How to Make and How to Maintain It. 12mo, \$1.00. The book bears the familiar characteristics of Dr. Hall's discourses—thoughtful, but simple in style, full of apt illustration, rising often to strains of great fervor and eloquence. The volume is eminently practical and helpful, and ought to be placed in the hands of all young housekeepers as they set up their new home. It will bring a blessing into any family where it is carefully read.

Charles Scribner's Sons publish, in paper covers, at 10 cents each, the latest series of the "LITTLE BOOKS OF THE DAY." It is entitled, JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND, by Max O'Rell. The wit is so keen that the Englishman can enjoy the laugh at his own expense. It will certainly be an occasion of amusement and instruction on practical instruction for the American. A laughable chapter shows quite conclusively (?) that the English are the veritable lost tribes of the house of Israel.

The same house publishes A DAY IN ATHENS, with SOCRATES, in paper covers. The volume embodies translations from the Protagoras and the Republic of Plato. This is a very handy little manual, illustrating the philosophy of Plato, bringing out the character and manner of instruction of Socrates, and giving descriptions of his most noted disciples.

Robert Carter & Brothers publish, in a very neat form, FROM YEAH TO YEAH; Poems and Hymns, by Rev. E. H. Bicknell, M. A. The volume contains appropriate collects, verses of Scripture, and short poems suitable for all the festivals of the English Church through the year.

The latest volumes in the excellent and cheap Standard Library of Funk & Wagnalls are WITH THE POETS, by Canon Farrar—a delightful volume of selections, with an instructive introduction, and THE LIFE OF J. W. WINSTON, by Jean Grob—the noble Swiss reformer, whose name and memory deserve renewed consideration at this hour when the anniversary of the great German avenger fresh in the successful struggle against Rome. These volumes, neatly bound in paper covers, are sold for 25 cents each.

Harper & Brothers issue the anonymous story which has been running through the pages of the Century, and attracting much attention, entitled, THE LAST WINNERS. It opened with much promise of an intelligent development of the struggle between labor and capital, but the development of the story hardly fulfilled the early promise. Justice is not done to the hard-pressed working-men. The worst representatives of the class are the prominent actors, and the conflict becomes simply an act of burglary and intended murder. Portions of the tale are cloaked with no inconsiderable power.

The Christian Publishing House Print, Dayton, Ohio, issue SILENT LANGUAGE, OR, THE INNER LIFE OF A MUTE IN AN INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, by Kate M. Farlow. This is a well-written and pleasant description of the school and social life, the common and special incidents in the institution for these mute, but far from unhappy, young people. The volume is interesting in itself, but will be especially so to families reckoning among the children of the household one of these silent members.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS.

BY REV. W. F. MALLABIE, D. D.

The Methodist Church offers to all within its Sunday-schools the most abundant facilities for the study of God's Word. Year by year an advance is made upon what before seemed near enough perfect for all practical purposes. All who have marked the progress of events in this connection, know very well the truth of these statements. It would seem, from an investigation of the "Helps" for next year, that every reasonable demand has been met in the amplest manner.

First of all, we have the "Picture Lesson Paper," which is a perfect little gem for the primary classes or the infant department. Every little child that receives this paper from week to week will be a happier and better child. Then we have the series of "Lesson Leaves"—No. 1 for "beginners"; No. 2 for "intermediate classes"; No. 3 for "seniors." With all the other excellences which these "Leaves" possess, attention may well be called to the choice collection of songs adapted

to use in Sunday-schools. Every lesson has its hymn, with a few select pieces at commencement, and almost all of them are hymns that can be sung.

Then we have a series of three question-books, corresponding to the three grades of "Leaves" just mentioned, and it would be a most helpful thing if every teacher should have a question-book suitable to the grade of scholars he is called to teach, for there are very few teachers who can wisely supply their own questions, and even the best teachers will find many hints and much instruction in these often-abused books.

Then we have the "Sunday-school Journal," a publication which ought to find its way into the hands of every teacher every month. Perhaps if only one of the "Helps" can be had and studied by our teachers, this is the one above all the others to be commended. The poorest teacher, with the love of God and souls in his heart, and blessed with the baptism of the Holy Ghost, will, with prayerful study of the "Sunday-school Journal," become both influential and useful. The blackboard illustrations in the "Sunday-school Journal" are of unusual excellence.

Then we have the "Sunday-school Classmate" and the "Sunday-school Advocate," each published twice per month, filled with good reading and pictures, and at such low rates that every child in all our Sunday-schools ought to be supplied with a copy. It would be a most excellent plan to get the children to subscribe for these papers, and when able pay their own subscriptions with the hope that the process would educate them to such a degree that when they come to be men and women, they will in turn become subscribers to our weekly church papers, and so grow up to become intelligent and active Christians, both knowing and loving the doctrines of our church.

Finally, attention is called to the "Lesson Commentary," a large-sized volume of more than three hundred pages. Almost two hundred authors have been laid under contribution to enrich its pages. When we remember that the scope of the lessons for the year includes the "Acts of the Apostles," with some of the "Epistles of Paul," the "Psalms of David," and the "Proverbs of Solomon," it will be seen that a wide range of subjects of the greatest interest is presented for study. Of course it would be impossible for any ordinary person to find access to all the books that have been consulted, and the pressure of other duties would prevent, if all the books needed were at hand. But in this Commentary, prepared for the express purpose of aiding the teacher, we have a right to expect all needed assistance. Other books may be consulted with profit, but this book cannot be neglected by any one who wishes to do the best possible work.

The Sunday-school department of our church has an importance that no one, not even the most enthusiastic, has as yet fully appreciated. Its power and value might be vastly increased if all our superintendents and teachers would only avail themselves of the "Helps" so abundantly and laboriously prepared for them, and furnished at a price that defies competition when the quality and character of talent and material employed is taken into the account. Let us use our own "Helps," and the profiting will appear unto all.

ONCE IN FIFTEEN YEARS.

BY REV. J. O. KNOWLES, D. D.

The New England Conference, having reached elephantine proportions, hangs a little heavy on its own hands. There was when many charges begged for the privilege of its sessions; after that, it itself went begging for awhile; since when, it has undertaken to provide for its own entertainment, and as a result has begged more than ever. All are convinced that something must be done, and none more so than the "Bureau of Conference Sessions." Can an immediate and efficient remedy be found? Let us run through the Conference for possible places of entertainment, beginning at the West and moving East.

1. Westfield: A delightful place; entertaining royalty; proud of the biggest church this side of anywhere; and ready to agree to take turns if a fair number of societies will join her.

2. Springfield, Trinity Church: One of our largest and most hospitable churches, with hundreds of members—every way a first-class society.

3. Worcester, Trinity Church: A spacious church edifice and the largest society in the Conference, as generous and loyal as it is large.

4. Webster: It may be that some in the Conference are not aware that this is a large, cultured and generous society, yet so it is; and a Conference session there would set every effective preacher longing for appointment to it.

5. Boston, Bromfield St.: What pen can do justice to the liberality and sterling worth of this mother of churches and our denominational centre in Boston? It needs no courage to affirm that this historic society is ready to take turns in receiving the Conference.

6. Charlestown, Trinity Church: Balancing the big Westfield church at the other end of our territory, and having a large, intelligent and free-handed membership. There can be no doubt about this society.

7. Waltham: The very name brings before the mind a picture of rare beauty, and sets all to wishing we may be entertained once more as royally as we were years ago when this society was much younger and weaker than now.

8. Somerville, Union Square: A splendid church and a heroic people who have struggled long with heavy burdens, and who are being rewarded. Both the society and the Conference would be benefited by a session there.

9. Cambridge, Harvard St.: One of our largest and very best societies. Who

doubts their ability and willingness to take the Conference once in fifteen years?

10. Chelsea, Walnut St.: Everybody knows that this station is the "softest thing" that can fall to the lot of a minister, and this grand society will take the whole Conference into its bosom once in fifteen years.

11. Malden: Where saints and all others have a justifiable pride in a most elegant church. No man can be stationed in this itinerant's paradise, who dares to utter the slander that its people will not entertain the Conference sumptuously.

12. Lowell, St. Paul's: This society won a grand record years ago, and has not lost the old-time vigor. One can safely write: "Good for once in fifteen years."

13. Lynn, Common St.: The pen halts; words are tame; the grandmother of churches; there she stands! And younger and more flourishing than any of her daughters! She will respond, "Come to me as often as you will."

14. Salem, Lafayette St.: Who among the older preachers cannot remember when this church made their hearts glad by a generous entertainment? They would like to visit it again, and the society doubtless will cheerfully say, "Once in fifteen years."

15. Gloucester, Elm St.: The wonder is, that the Conference has never been down on Cape Ann, where the magnolia is indigenous, where there are so many of the successors of the apostolic fishermen, where are such nice homes and such hearty people. Besides, they have got a magnificent new church that will not be completely dedicated until it opens its doors to the Conference. Doubtless the official board will "drop us a line" and say, "A cordial welcome once in fifteen years."

It will be observed, no mention has been made of Grace and State St., Springfield; Grace, Worcester; Temple St., Tremont St., People's Church, Winthrop St., Saratoga St., and Meridian St., Boston; Worthen St. and Central Church, Lowell; St. Paul's, Lynn, and others. The list could be increased to more than twenty-five. But other churches could share in the arrangement with those mentioned, and perhaps alternate with them. Take now the fifteen specially noticed, and is there any reasonable doubt that they would enter into an agreement to receive the Conference once in fifteen years?

The purpose of this paper is to propose that the Boston Preachers' Meeting appoint the four preceding elders a committee to lay this matter before the fifteen churches above mentioned at the earliest time possible, to see if they will not each agree to receive the Conference once in fifteen years; also, as the next session has been assigned to it, to see if Common St., Lynn, will not head the column this year; and if this society does not feel ready, to see if the Westfield society, by which a proposition of this kind is understood to have been made, will not head the line in 1884, and then rest on well-earned laurels until 1899.

AN ANSWER TO THREE QUESTIONS.

[DR. DANIEL DOUGHERTY, at the Constitutional Convention.]

A short editorial in the *Congregationalist* last week demands notice, for the editor specially asks the convention, "If held, to first address itself to the most careful consideration of three questions, particularly the last, viz.:

"1. What reasonable probability is there that such a proposed amendment could be enacted? 2. What reasonable probability is there that, if enacted, it would be enforced? 3. Is there not a reasonable probability that the failure to carry such an amendment, and to enforce it if carried, would leave the future of the temperance cause among us in a worse state than it now is?"

At the request of our committee I present the following reply:

First, then, we are asked, "What reasonable probability is there that such a proposed amendment could be enacted?"

L. answer—What reasonable probability is there, one hundred years ago, that a religious newspaper would be established, or that our friend and brother, Dr. Dexter, would be editor? Or eighty years ago, that polygamy, cannibalism and duelling would disappear from such large areas of people, as in this century? Or sixty years ago, that slavery would disappear from all the English, French and Danish colonies? Or thirty years ago, that slavery would disappear from the United States? All these emancipations have required sweeping changes in the statutory and organic laws of these four great nations; and they were brought about by exigencies arising in consequence of the determined agitation of the wrongs of slavery; and that, too, after forty centuries had passed it over and fostered it, and left it deeply entrenched in conventional usage and civil guarantees. What reasonable probability was there, sixty years ago, when the clergy, the deacons, and the best men, patronized the liquor traffic, and the sale of intoxicants was as reputable as the sale of dry goods or groceries, that a civil damage law would be enacted making the liquor-seller liable for injury accruing to his customers? Or that a law could be passed prohibiting liquor shops within four hundred feet of a school-house?

Has the editor of the *Congregationalist* lost faith in God, and the possibility of great moral achievements? A sad decadence in a religious editor.

The question is not whether it could be enacted this year, or whether the incoming legislature would pass favorably upon it; for all great movements have a beginning, and nothing is gained without persevering effort. Besides, the agitation of this question is one of the best means of making temperance sentiments. Constitutional prohibition is the most radical phase, and plunges deepest into the heart of the liquor problem.

Secondly, he asks, "What reasonable probability is there that, if enacted, it could be enforced?" The implication seems to be that the license system would be better, because it can be enforced, while a prohibitory system cannot be. But who ever knew a license law to be enforced on any considerable scale? Our license law provides that liquor shall not be sold to minors or to drunkards, or between certain hours at night or on the Sabbath; but the violations by licensees are innumerable every day. It provides that only liquors of a good quality shall be kept for sale; but who ever knew the liquors to be discarded, however villainous the compounds,

and the dealer compelled to empty them and get a new supply? Many license laws provide that only persons of good moral character shall be licensed to sell liquor, but how much attention is paid to the character of the licensee? The administration of the law in most places seems to proceed upon the assumption that only bad men can be expected to ask for licenses. But it should not be inferred that prohibition is a failure if it does not wholly stop the sale of liquors, any more than the existence of illiteracy proves that the public-school system is a failure, or the occurrence of murder and burglary proves that the laws prohibiting them are failures.

But the history of prohibition in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Kansas, in the 14 prohibitory counties in Maryland, in Vineland, N. J., in Potter County, Pa., in half of the counties of Georgia, in the 12 prohibitory counties in Illinois, etc., show that, with whatever clandestine sales, and whatever more open sales in some localities, nevertheless, as a whole, in each of these States or parts of States, the prohibition of liquor is calculated to intensify and public order is incalculably better than in any license State. It has been clearly demonstrated that the most effective policy for crippling the liquor traffic is the prohibitory policy, and that the license system never fails to foster the traffic. It is still said that the enforcement of the amendment will depend upon the condition of public sentiment, and that public sentiment is not now in a more temperate state than it was in 1869, when the Vermont Annual Conference in 1869, was ordained elder at Northfield, Vt., in 1882, and elder at Brattleboro, Vt., May 19, 1887. He served as pastor of several churches until Jan. 11, 1862, when he was appointed chaplain in the 3d Vermont Infantry. After serving three years he was reappointed to serve another term in the same capacity.

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was burned at the stake for refusing to surrender his religion. I think that those who knew Mr. Mack's decision of character, would have expected that a similar exigency would have developed the martyr spirit in him. Suffer he would, in many ways, for the cause he would not desert. He always loved to refer to the patriotic spirit of his mother, who carried him nine miles that he might look upon Lafayette, his country's benefactor, when he visited Montpelier, Vt.

From this he was an orphan when seven years old. He was left to be dependent on his own resources. No Orphan's Home opened his hospitable doors to him. Few could know better than he did, from actual experience, how much the orphan needs such a home as he has had to establish. He struggled three years to procure the first book he owned. This was a copy of Smith's Arithmetic, which cost him forty-two cents. He earned the money with which to purchase it by building fires for the ashes at a school-house three-quarters of a mile away. This was a sample of the orphan's early efforts and success. At the age of seventeen his religious experiences began. He was baptized and received into the Methodist Episcopal Church when nineteen years of age. He fitted for the ministry to which he believed he was called, by pursuing an academic course of study at the old Newburg Seminary, and a theological course at the Methodist General Biblical Institute, then located at Concord. He was licensed as a local preacher in Concord in 1847, and united with the Vermont Annual Conference in 1850, was ordained elder at Northfield, Vt., in 1852, and elder at Brattleboro, Vt., May 19, 1887. He served as pastor of several churches until Jan. 11, 1862, when he was appointed chaplain in the 3d Vermont Infantry. After serving three years he was reappointed to serve another term in the same capacity.

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